JUNE 27, 1964. VOL. CCLVII. NO. 3343.

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THE SPHERE

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The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the start of the ceremonial carriage procession down the course on the second day of the Royal Ascot Meeting. The weather was bright and sunny for the first two days, but on Thursday torrential rain waterlogged the course and racing had to be postponed. It was also called-off on Friday. This year the new £1¼ million stand, built in ten months, was opened on the site of the old Royal Enclosure stand, the iron stand and the stewards' stand. (See also *A London Newsletter* on pages 464-5.)

ROYAL DRIVE AT ASCOT

NEWS SUMMARY

Agreement and differences on British foreign policy; Civil Rights triumph in the United States

GREAT BRITAIN

Opening the debate on foreign affairs in the House of Commons last week Mr Butler, the Foreign Secretary, announced he had been invited to visit Moscow and expected to go there some time in August. In a tour of the horizon of Britain's foreign policy, Mr Butler ranged over many parts of the world. Mr Gordon Walker, the Opposition foreign affairs spokesman, who followed him, showed where Conservatives and Labour are on common ground (as for instance on Cyprus) and where they differ. The Prime Minister and Mr Wilson, when their turns came on the second day, demonstrated that one of the main cleavages is over defence and the retention of Britain's independent nuclear deterrent.

Another Commons debate last week was on nationalisation. It was a Conservative attempt to draw from Labour some precise statements about its plans for increased state control. It soon developed into a verbal brawl in which many charges and counter-charges were made across the floor of the House and from which little information could be obtained. On the same day, in the Committee stage of the Finance Bill, Mr Callaghan, Labour's Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave his long-awaited list of names of business firms which he alleged contributed to the Conservative Party funds. Some of the firms named strongly denied the charge. Others up to the start of this week had nothing to say.

Air transport was affected by two labour disputes early this week. Air Traffic Control Officers, seeking better pay and conditions, had to decide whether they would work to rule from July 3. Pilots of nine independent airlines were threatening to strike on July 1.

THE SPHERE

With this issue, *The Sphere* ceases publication in weekly form. The Christmas Number, to be retitled *The Sphere Annual*, will appear as usual in November each year. Postal subscribers are being notified separately by letter.

The Sphere was founded in 1900 and in its 64 years has often pioneered the way in pictorial journalism. Its regular readership has been in all parts of the world. I very much regret this association now has to end.

THE EDITOR

UNITED STATES

The Civil Rights Bill passed through the Senate last week and it was expected the other constitutional processes for its enactment would be completed in time for it to become law by Independence Day, July 4. The measure which grants equal rights to Negroes in America in many fields of activity is regarded as a most fitting monument to President Kennedy. Among those who voted against the Bill was Senator Goldwater. How far this might affect his chances of the Republican nomination for the Presidency against the liberal Governor Scranton could not be immediately estimated. But last weekend the Goldwater managers were claiming the votes committed to the Senator were only five short of the 655 required for nomination.

CYPRUS

The reports circulating at the end of last week that General Grivas, the former Eoka leader, had returned secretly to Cyprus were denied by the Cyprus Government on Sunday night. The Government statement said that if the General were to return he would not come secretly. Rumours of his return have arisen periodically since the present crisis began. President Makarios has always made it plain that he would prefer the General to stay away. The Cyprus Government, loud in its assertions on the whereabouts of General Grivas, had failed up to the beginning of this week to supply any information about the British Major Macey of the UN team, and Driver Platt, who had been missing for two weeks. This reticence provoked a sharp rebuke last week from the United Nations, which declared in a statement " that extremist elements known to the Cyprus Government, have, as in the past, been responsible for another case of abduction." Mr Papandreou, the Greek Prime Minister, was to fly to Washington from Athens on Tuesday for talks about the Cyprus situation with President Johnson. On Tuesday night he was to be in Williamsburg while the President met Mr Inonu, Turkey's Premier.

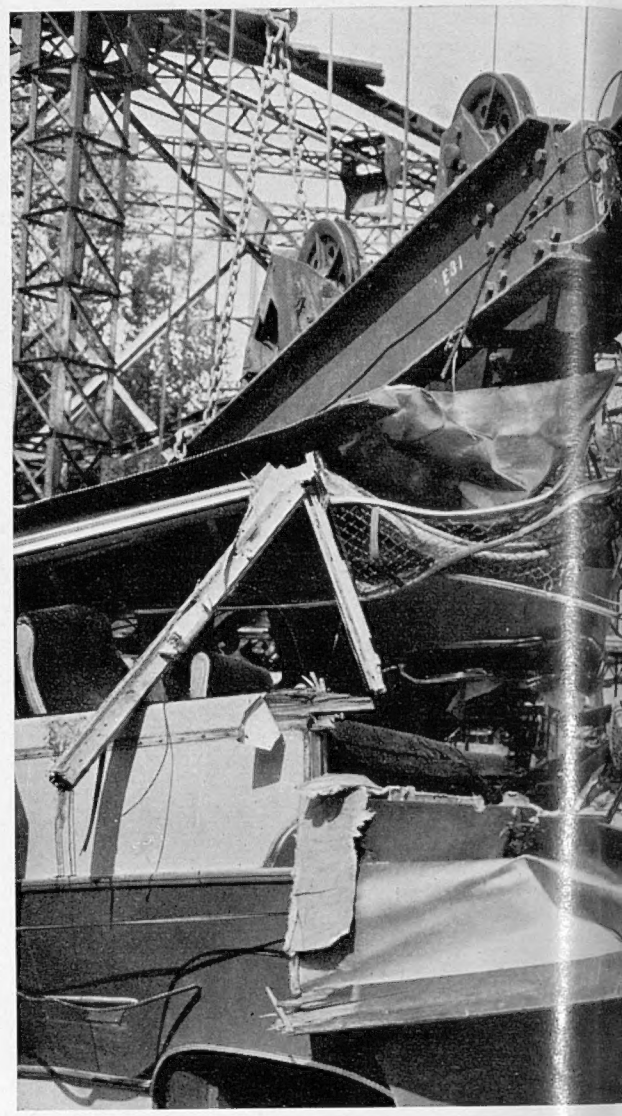
SOUTHERN RHODESIA

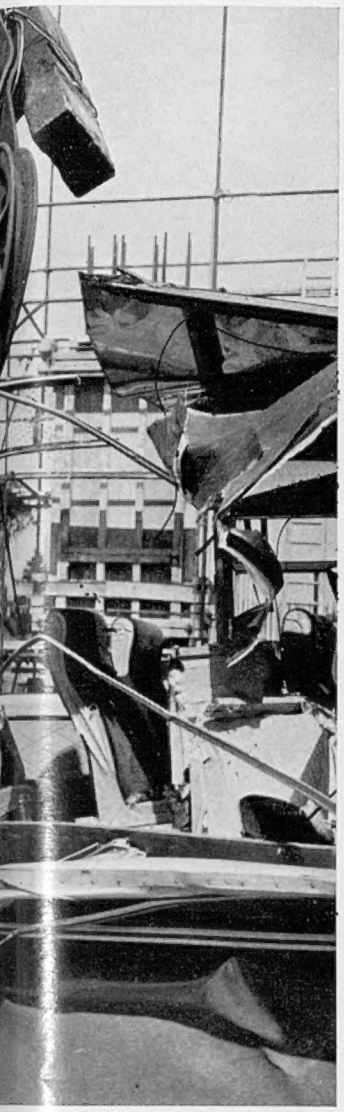
Sir Edgar Whitehead, Leader of the Opposition, left for Britain on Sunday to put his views on Southern Rhodesian independence to the UK Government. At the weekend, at the annual Congress in Salisbury of his Rhodesia National Party, he was unanimously re-elected to the party's presidency, but offered to stand down if a more acceptable leader could be found. Three of Sir Roy Welensky's supporters were returned to offices.

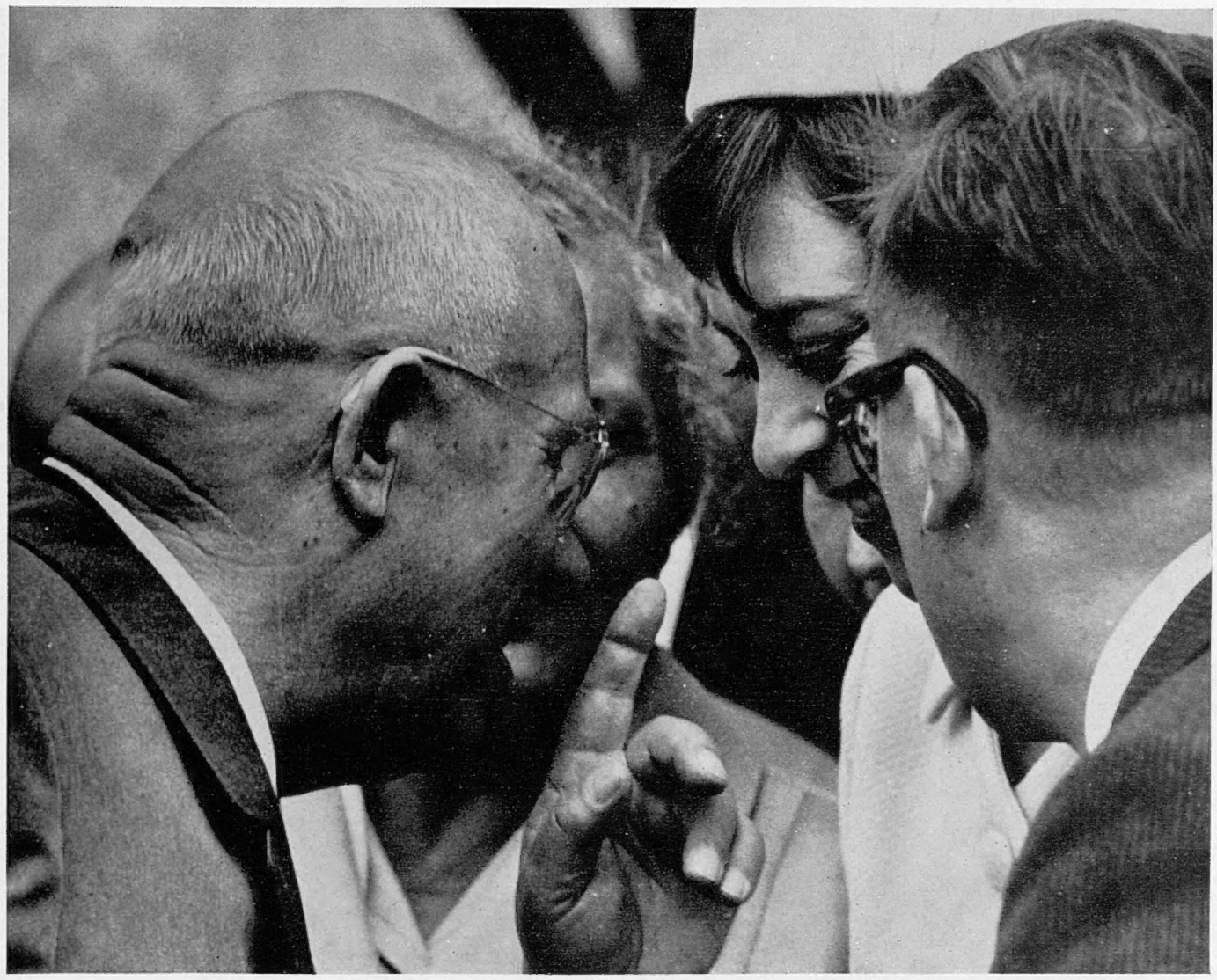
SOUTH-EAST ASIA

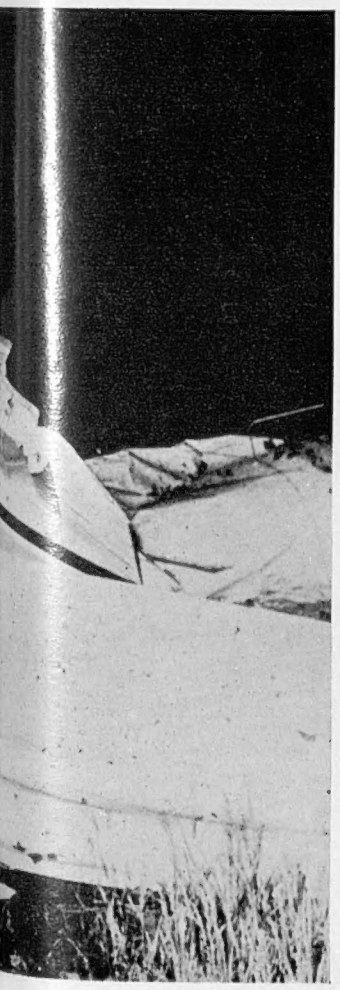
Hopes of a settlement at a Summit in Tokyo of the Malaysian-Indonesian dispute disappeared on Sunday. Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, could obtain no satisfactory undertakings from President Sukarno of Indonesia, despite the efforts at mediation made by President Macapagal of the Philippines. Agreement was reportedly reached on the establishment of an Afro-Asian conciliation commission but the Tunku's acceptance of this was conditional upon Indonesia ceasing all acts of hostility against Malaysia, which was regarded as highly unlikely. As the Tunku and Dr Sukarno flew back to their capitals there were fears that the warfare on the Indonesian-Malaysian border in Borneo would be intensified. (Picture from Tokyo, page 456.)

A grave situation also appeared to be developing in Laos. As the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces were attacking the Neutralists in their last stronghold on the Plain of Jars, there were reports of a tougher line on the Laos problem by the United States.



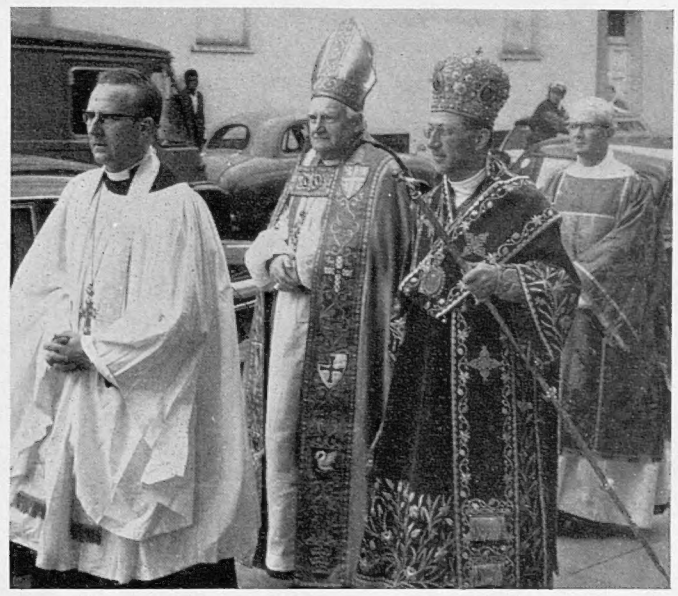






Above left: The wreckage of a coach lies below the jib of a crane which had fallen on the vehicle on the North Circular Road outside London. Seven people were killed and 27 injured in the coach party **Left:** A tangled mass is all that remains of an aircraft which crashed in Massachusetts. Senator E. Kennedy, brother of the late President, was a passenger and suffered severe injuries to his back. Another passenger and the crew of two were killed

Above: In Copenhagen Mr Khrushchev wags a finger at Mrs Helle Krag, the actress wife of the Danish Foreign Minister, Hr Jens Otto Krag. Mrs Khrushchev is with them. The Soviet Prime Minister and his wife were starting on their tour of Scandinavia. Their reception in Denmark was cordial rather than enthusiastic. Neither Russia nor Denmark appeared to have fulfilled hopes of increased trade. From Copenhagen Mr Khrushchev went to Sweden



Left: Sir Alec Douglas-Home addresses a mass meeting in the Town Hall in Leeds, Yorkshire. Speaking on the day after Mr Callaghan, the Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer, had made his allegations of contributions to Conservative funds by business firms, Sir Alec said such tactics as this would boomerang on Labour. Every day, he said, the Opposition launched into criticism on anything they felt would gain them votes. They did not pause to consider the facts but stirred up "artificial political issues"

Above: Dr Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, walks in procession with Archbishop Athenagoras, Head of the Greek Orthodox Church in Britain, to the Greek Orthodox cathedral of St. Sophia in London. Dr Ramsey was preaching at a service to mark the centenary of the Anglican and Eastern Churches Association. An important Anglican occasion this week is the pilgrimage to Bradwell in Essex to the chapel of St. Cedd to mark the 50th anniversary of the founding of Chelmsford Diocese

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

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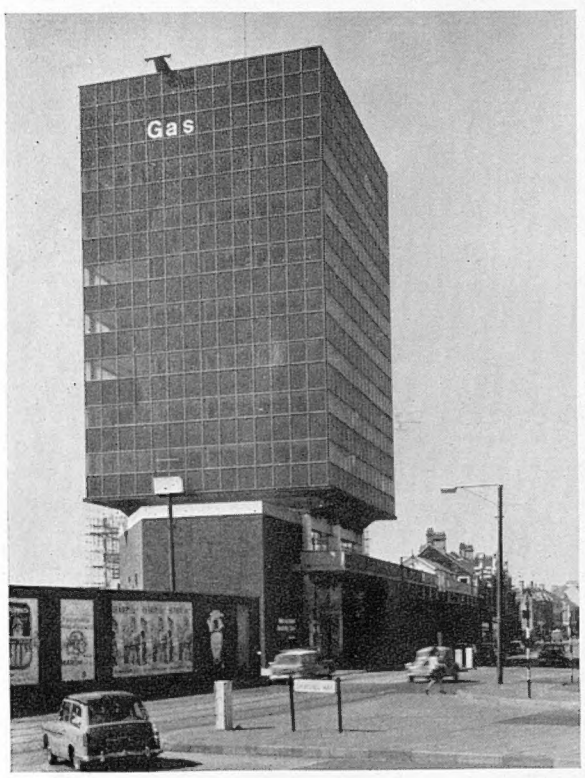
Towards peace in Borneo?

President Macapagal of the Philippines and President Sukarno of Indonesia are together in Tokyo. The former was seeking to arbitrate between Indonesia and Malaysia, and last week there were signs of some progress towards this

Ready for jungle fighting

British troops on exercise in Pahang, Central Malaya. They had already seen action against Indonesian guerrillas in Sabah and were being tested in battle-readiness. Australians and New Zealanders were also taking part in the exercise



Light for the Gas H.Q. in Wales

The new headquarters of the Wales Gas Board in Cardiff. The lowest three floors reflect the Victorian solidity of the adjoining buildings. The upper eight floors are in sharp contrast with a light and machine-like treatment of concrete and glass. The restricted site meant building upwards and above third floor level the reinforced concrete cantilevers out from a central concrete core

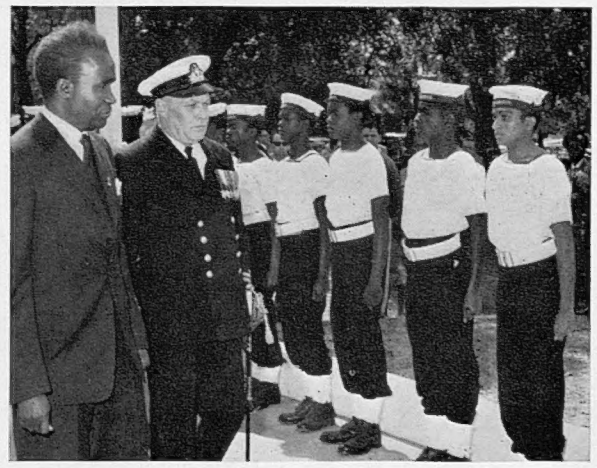
New radio tower in central London

An Aerofilms photograph of the new Post Office radio tower in London which is nearing completion. A revolving restaurant at the top of the tower will give diners a panoramic view of the metropolis. In the background at top of this picture is the white building of London University's Senate House. At right is the British Museum with the dome of the Reading Room in the centre of it

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Devastation in Japan

The collapsed bridge over the river Shinano at Niigata in Japan after the earthquake there last week. It was Japan's worst earthquake since the 1923 Tokyo-Yokohama disaster. Preliminary figures for casualties were 23 killed, four missing and over 200 injured. The shock, which lasted for two minutes, was felt throughout a large area of Honshu island. Niigata was the worst hit town. Buildings and bridges collapsed, oil tanks were set on fire and the river Shinano burst its banks. Many water mains burst, but a worse disaster was averted by the switching-off of gas and electricity. There was damage and casualties in other cities and in Tokyo some of the big buildings shuddered



French troops leave Algeria

Part of a contingent of French troops waiting to leave Algiers Harbour. They were returning to France from Algeria. The departure of the French army was a condition of the Evian Treaty signed in 1963 between France and representatives of the provisional government of the National Liberation Front. This ended the Civil War and gave Algeria her independence

Dr Kaunda at birthday parade

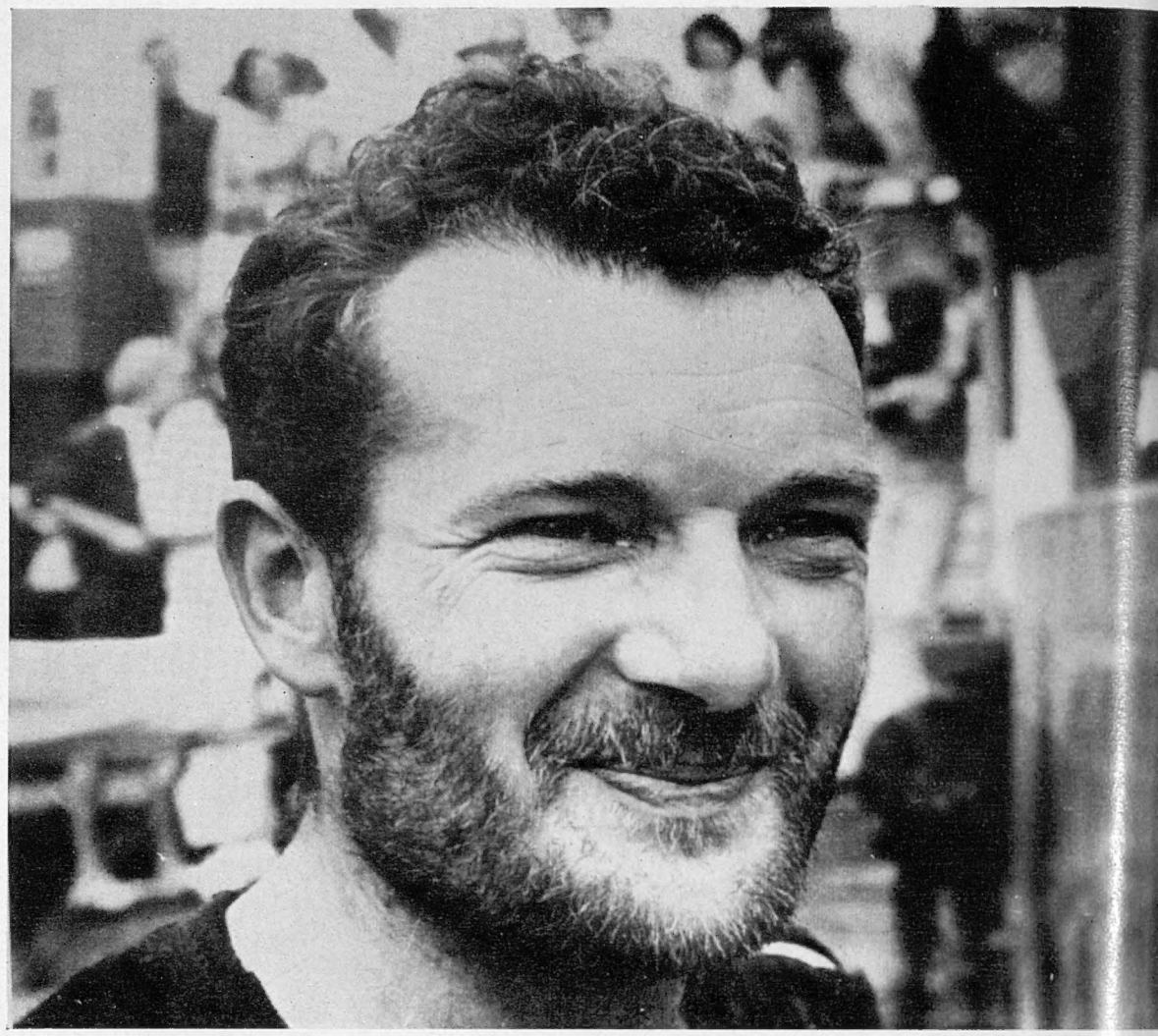
Dr Kenneth Kaunda, Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia, inspects a guard of honour of the Sea Cadet Corps at Stephenson Barracks, Lusaka, on his arrival for the parade to celebrate the Queen's birthday

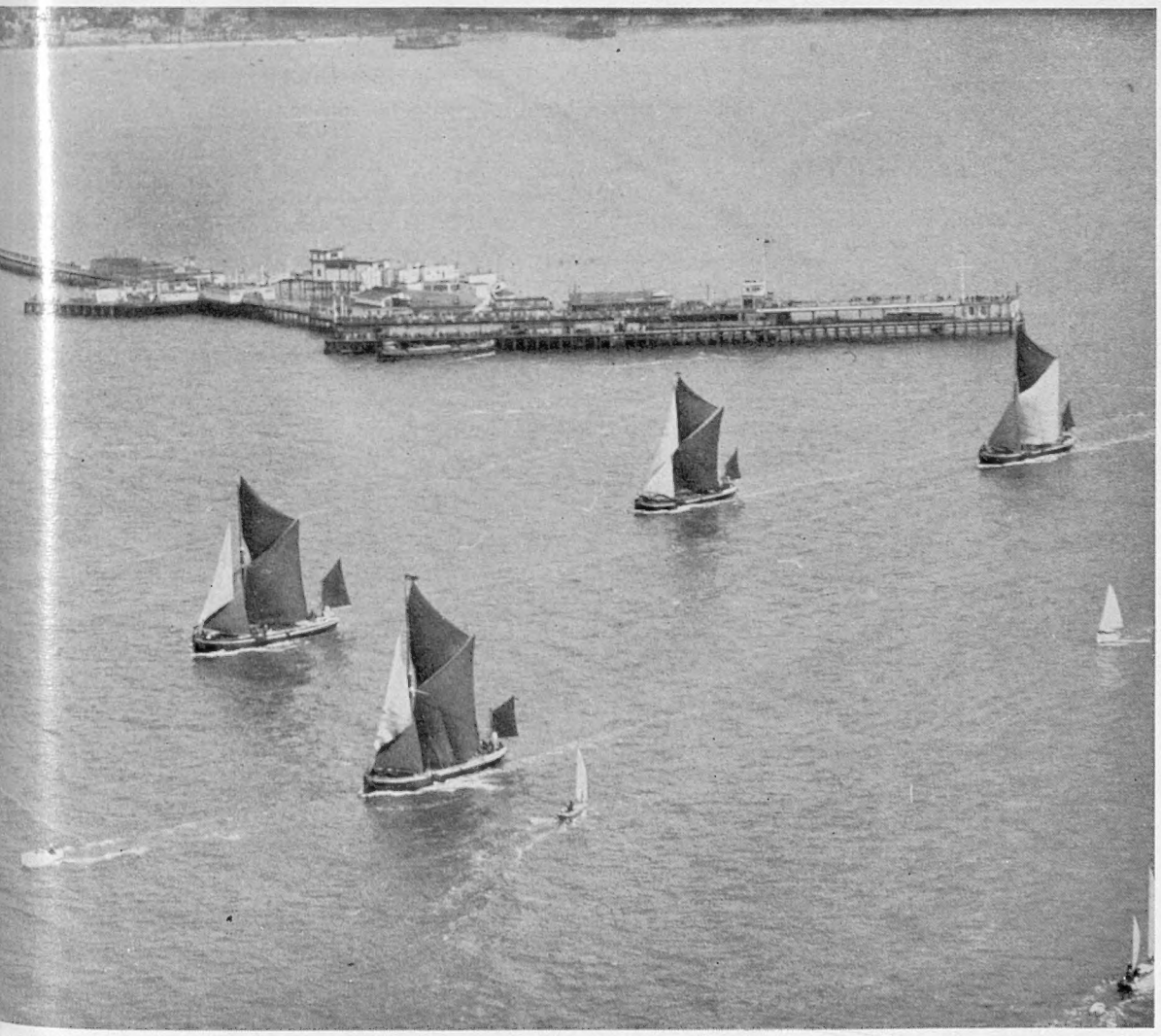
SPEEDS IN SPORT

458

Right: Eric Tabarly, a French naval lieutenant, the winner of the single-handed transatlantic yacht race, sponsored by *The Observer*, seen on his arrival at Newport, USA, 27 days after leaving Plymouth, England. His Dutch-built 44 ft. ketch *Pen-Duick II* (far right) was designed specially for the race. Its eight sails could be set in varying ways to match all possible conditions of the weather and sea. *Pen-Duick II* was the largest of the dozen yachts that took part in the race. At the beginning of this week it was expected that Francis Chichester would be second in the race, sailing in the cutter *Gipsy Moth III*

Below: The winner of the 24-hour Le Mans race is flagged in at the finishing line. The 3·3 litre Ferrari was driven by Jean Guichet of France and N. Vaccarella of Italy. Two other Ferraris came in second and third, giving the Italian car its fifth successive win at Le Mans. All but six of the British and Anglo-American entries dropped out. The two new American Fords, although very fast, retired with gearbox trouble. Three spectators were killed as a result of crashes during the race





Left: An aerial view of the Thames Estuary with Southend Pier in the background as competitors in the Thames barge race sail on their way on the course via Shoeburyness to the finishing point at Leigh. The race was promoted by the Southend Yacht Club and was a part of the Jubilee Year programme organised to mark Southend's 50th year as a County Borough

Above: Trueman in action during the Australian first innings in the Test at Lord's. The batsman is Veivers, whose 54 was the highest score in the innings of 176. Talk of Trueman losing his old powers was confounded by his taking 5—48 in Australia's first knock. The weather allowed play to begin at Lord's on the third day (last Saturday) but at Ascot racing was abandoned

COMMONWEALTH AND COMMUNISM

460 It has often happened to Britain to lead the world in solving some problem, to profit by it, and then to fall behind when others have followed her example with more modern methods. We start off one jump ahead and finish one jump behind. The classic case is the railway transport system and Dr Beeching is still struggling to clear up the after-effects of Britain's 19th-century success in this field; so it is in a good many other fields. Is the same sort of thing happening now to the Commonwealth?

The British for over a century, since Lord Durham's time, have led the world in the process of converting their Empire into a Commonwealth of independent nations. But, now that the process is nearly completed, many people are beginning to doubt the whole value of the Commonwealth or whether indeed it is anything more than a veil to conceal the surrender of Empire. There is good reason for these questionings. A number of Commonwealth countries are at daggers drawn with each other: for example, India and Pakistan over Kashmir, Britain and the Cypriot Greeks over the position of the Turkish minority. As often as not the members of the Commonwealth vote against each other in the United Nations. They reveal fundamental differences in foreign policy, in their attitude to the Crown and in domestic policy; their political systems range from dictatorships through one-party states to parliamentary democracies in the full sense. Britain in fact has more in common and more friendly relations with some non-Commonwealth countries than with some of her Commonwealth partners.

Therefore, not surprisingly, many people are disillusioned with the whole Commonwealth conception. Some may even feel a twinge of envy when they look at the Soviet Union which has taken over the Czarist Empire and added to it considerably since the war, and which on the surface at any rate has no trouble at all with national independence movements. May that not be a more up to date and efficient method of dealing with the problem?

The Communists, of course, have always maintained that it is. But curiously enough they are just beginning to feel their first doubts. Only the other day *Izvestia* wrote: " Nationalism has now become the chief danger for the Socialist Commonwealth."

" Nationalism the danger "

The Communists in fact are facing for the first time the problem with which the Commonwealth has long been struggling. It arises from the fact that we live in an age of extreme nationalism, but also in an age when the most vital problems of peace and prosperity demand international solutions. Yet these solutions can no longer be safely imposed by force, for fear that local war should escalate into nuclear war. This is the problem which now faces what the Russians call their Socialist Commonwealth, although in Western terminology it is neither socialist nor a commonwealth. It takes its most acute form in the Sino-Soviet dispute, which has become a Cold War conducted by all means short of war. Although the Soviet Union has overwhelming strength, it cannot use it to re-establish its leadership over China.

Even more ironical from the Soviet point of view is the situation in Rumania. If ever there was a government that owed its position to Soviet power it is that of Mr Gheorgiu Dej. The Communist Party of Rumania was less than 1,000 strong when the Red Army entered the country 20 years ago and installed it in power. Yet the Rumanian Communists have now issued the most uncompromising manifesto of national Communism, proclaiming the principle of absolute national sovereignty, rejecting any supra-national organisation or plan regulating Communist economic co-operation as an infringement of this sovereignty. By proclaiming the Rumanian national identity in this way and by reaffirming Rumania's traditional links with Western Europe Mr Gheorgiu Dej's government has been able to secure an unprecedented degree of popular support and has even been able to set about freeing the thousands of political prisoners which have so long been a reproach to the regime. And the irony of it is that—despite its common frontier and overwhelming force—there is precious little the Soviet Union can do about it.

Risks to the Soviet image

An invasion would smash the image of the Soviet Union which Mr Khrushchev has sedulously sought to build up since the catastrophe of Hungary in 1956. To encourage a rising by the Hungarian minority in Rumanian Transylvania would be extremely risky. To impose economic sanctions, for example to cut off Soviet supplies for the new steel works which the Rumanians are building up in Galati, would merely drive Rumania with her rich economic resources into closer links with the West. When Stalin imposed economic sanctions on Yugoslavia, it had precisely this effect, and when Mr Khrushchev himself withdrew his technicians and industrial assistance it may have impoverished China further, but had no effect in bringing the Communists in Pekin to heel.

Moscow has been trying to reassert its leadership by calling an international Communist conference, with a view to the expulsion of the Chinese from the Communist movement if they refused to toe the line. But countries like Rumania and Yugoslavia, and other Communist parties too, with vivid memories of Stalinist domination, do not want to have to toe any line, either Muscovite or Pekinese; even tiny Albania has been able to defy Soviet wrath with impunity.

The Communist monolith which was already slightly chipped during Stalin's time is now shattered; and Mr Khrushchev's problem is how to restore it in some more up-to-date shape. At the moment the problem looks insoluble. For Communist doctrine and Communist organisation have hitherto been based on the dogma of a scientifically deduced Marxist-Leninist line enforced by rigid Party discipline. Officially this is still so; but in fact it is now seen to lead to clashes between totalitarian states following different lines even when they profess the same doctrines. And clashes between totalitarian states tend to be total clashes, spreading to every field of activity, since the Communist Parties control every field of activity.

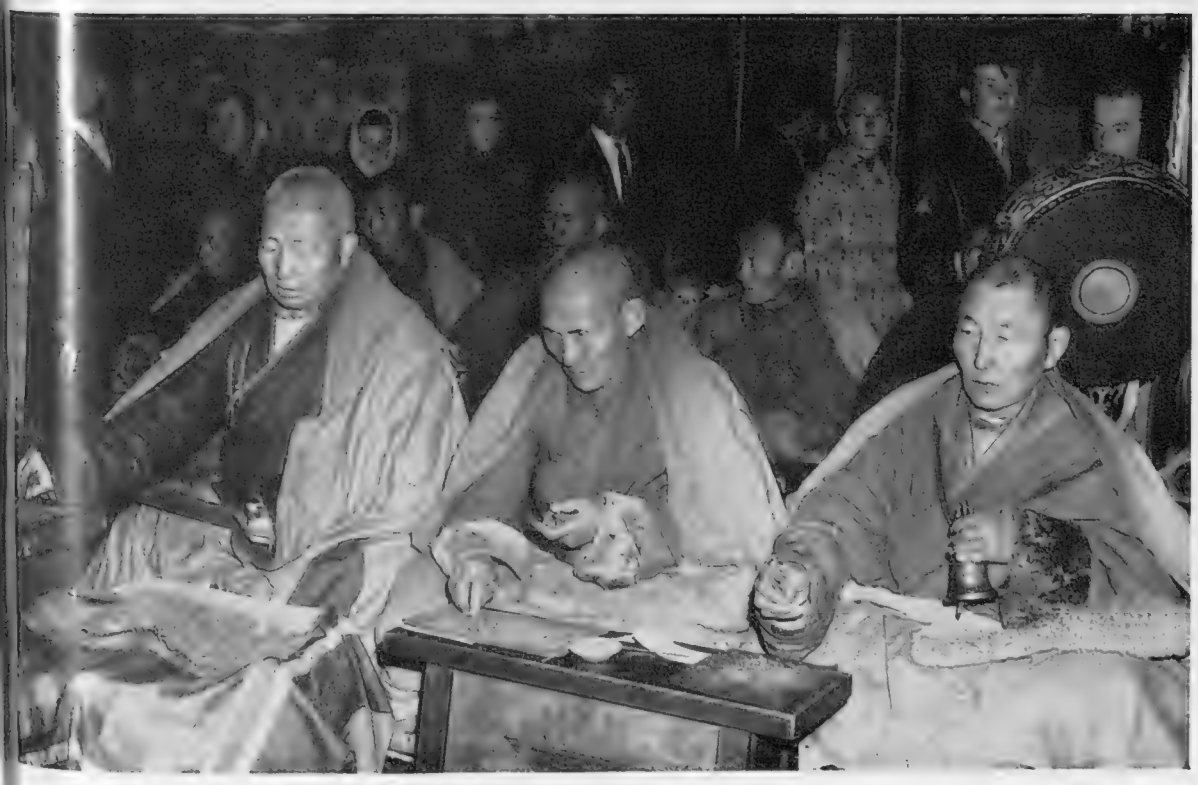
In these circumstances Mr Khrushchev may be inclined to cast an envious eye on the Commonwealth with its mysterious principle of cohesion. However, although he may call the Communist world a commonwealth the kind of ties which unite the British Commonwealth are quite impossible for Communists. For they are of the kind that can only prevail in an " open " or " plural " society in which the government does not control every activity. Therefore there are various more or less private organisations which can work together to solve common international problems. Thus some form of international co-operation is possible without undermining national sovereignty. This co-operation of more or less independent organisations can continue even when governments are at daggers drawn—as it did for example at the time of the Suez crisis eight years ago.

Commonwealth ties and traditions

There are the economic ties, the fact that most of the countries of the Commonwealth are members of the sterling area and the fact that sterling, unlike the rouble, is a convertible currency in which most of the world's trade is transacted. There are the trade preferences and mutual economic aid and investment. There are many common traditions and practices; legal practice for example, with lawyers from all parts of the Commonwealth training at the English Bar. Similarly there are the interchanges of tens of thousands of students and teachers in the Universities. There is the relatively free migration of hundreds of thousands a year. There are the common traditions and practices of the civil service and the armed forces, the exchanges of military training. There are the exchanges of information between government departments. And there are a thousand other ties, mostly of a functional nature, which exist for the most part between societies rather than between states and governments.

Such ties clearly are not possible between highly centralised totalitarian states. Therefore, although the Communists sometimes like to call themselves a commonwealth, they could only become such a closely knit association of independent states by radically changing their system of government. Of course they may do so, since their doctrine calls for the " withering away of the State " and both their economic and international problems seem to demand decentralisation. The Communist countries are changing rapidly, and if they are to adapt themselves to a world in which force is ruled out as a means of settling national differences, in which relations of mutual influence must replace relations of power between nations, they may have to learn a trick or two from the Commonwealth. For the Commonwealth embodies a unique, gigantic and pioneering experiment in this direction. **Maurice Latey**

THE SOVIET'S FAR-EASTERN COLONY



Above: A scene in a street in Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, the territory in the Far East which is regarded as the prototype of the Soviet Communist colonialism pursued since the war
Left: Monks in an Outer Mongolian monastery. A form of Buddhist Lamaism is the prevalent form of religion in the Mongolian People's Republic

The Mongolian People's Republic, to give its constitutional name to the territory known as Outer Mongolia, is virtually a colony of the Soviet Union in the Far East. Indeed it was in Mongolia in the years before the last war that the Soviet colonisation was begun under the guise of " socialist transformation." However, the significance of what had happened was not appreciated by the West until after the war when by the same process the states now known as the European Satellites were brought into the orbit of the new Russian Empire. With the intensification of the ideological war between Moscow and Pekin, Mongolia's importance as a dependency of the Soviet Union has increased. Bounded by Russia in the north and by China in the south it is a vast country, much of it desert, which has never been surveyed or properly mapped.

THE SOVIET'S FAR-EASTERN COLONY *continued from page 461*

Above: The people of Ulan Bator have no traffic problems, as this picture of a square in the Outer Mongolian capital evinces. The pillared building on the left is a theatre. The population of the town is estimated at around 100,000

Above right: Inside a dwelling on one of the co-operative farms. Wheat, oats, maize and potatoes are grown on it and horses, goats, cows, sheep and camels are bred. The Mongolians are herdsmen by tradition. All their farms nowadays are collectivised

Above: The figures for a season's crop on one of the collectivised farms are checked from the returns in the presence of the head of a farm. The Soviet Union set out to control Mongolia in the early days of Stalin

Right: Wrestlers in action. This form of the sport is known as " Eagle Fighting " and demands great skill and strength. The bout is lost if a contestant's knee touches the ground. Wrestling, with archery and horse-racing, has been popular for centuries among the people

Far right: Herdsmen prepare to round-up horses at a farm at Khasat which has 14,000 of the animals

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

464 **" Some person unknown "**

Crime and criminals continue to flourish and increase, and soon enough a thorough investigation is to be carried out into the whole subject of crime and punishment, into the causes of crime and into the present system of punishment and its efforts to deter and to cure. The importance and magnitude of the investigation was stressed recently by the Professor of Criminology at Cambridge before the Royal Society of Arts. He made the startling estimate that perhaps 80 per cent. of crimes committed in this country go undetected or unpunished. Too long it has been assumed that, in the long term, crime does *not* pay, that the criminals who get away with crime represent only a small minority of the criminal population. The Cambridge Institute has tabulated the odds in this rat-race, and the table is a shock. The robber has always a 50 per cent. chance of escape from justice. The robber of goods-in-transit a 70 per cent. chance. Every criminal who has evaded justice is an encouragement to others to go and do likewise. The " dark figure " of successful criminals cannot be accurately assessed, but a shrewd guess can hardly be pitched too high. The agenda for an official investigation is heavy indeed: the nature of a criminal, the causes of crime, the effectiveness of prevention and detection, the effectiveness of the existing penal code as retribution, rehabilitation and cure, and how far existing penal institutions fall short and fail to deal with the minority of criminals, young and old, who are unlucky enough not to get away with it. This agenda will not be polished off in a matter of months. Meanwhile. . . ?

Below: The new elephant pavilion at the London Zoo designed by Casson, Conder and Partners. The hoods over the animals' pens have a covering of Ruberoid copper roofing which will eventually weather to achieve the green patina planned by the architects. John Mowlem and Co. Ltd., the main contractors, expect to complete the building by October this year

Right: The runners in the Ascot Stakes racing round the Grandstand bend at Royal Ascot
Far right: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle for the service to instal the three new Knights of the Garter. They were Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templar, Lord Alexander of Hillsborough and Viscount Cobham

Book Fair

The love of books has been often described as a golden key opening the magic door, and, in so far as " books " are synonymous with improving literature, no doubt the simile is apt. The Queen, in opening the first World Book Fair to be held in London, said that the British book trade could be proud of its post-war achievement in producing 20,000 titles a year of which 50 per cent. went overseas. She prophesied for the years ahead a far greater output. Sometimes I reflect on the fortunes of the authors and the publishers who supply the golden key to the magic door. Certainly, for the bulk of the authors, the making of books is not among the best paid professions. I should guess that, over all his output, the earnings of a competent author do not average much more than £300 per book, and a competent book seldom takes less than a year to write, and often more. The publisher, too, takes heavy risks, and often enough is thankful to break square on a fortuitous best seller to adjust his loss on a majority of his titles. Not all the authors, nor all the publishers, can claim that the key they offer is golden or the door they open enchanted. Often enough it is the dingy key that glitters with gold and many a publisher must bless the day when the paper-back shot into fashion. Certainly—with costs ever rising—the paper-back has played its noble part in satisfying a world demand for higher education in bringing classic literature and worthy contemporary literature within the means of all readers. But the most graceful of all wall decorations—shelf upon shelf of calf-bound books—is a thing of the past, and the life of a good book in permanent cover may be as short as a paper-back. The vast annual output of new titles and diminution of living space put paid to fine private libraries.

Two million words

At a rough estimate I figure that since 1926 I have written upward of 2 million words in my weekly *Newsletter*. I should be sorry to assess how many of them were repetitive, how many redundant. Thirty-eight years ago I began the job with diffidence. The idea that I might outlive *The Sphere* occured to me only in the darkest days of the 1930's, when we were tolling the bell for ourselves, our families, our incomes and our firmly established institutions. We pulled through and lived to enjoy an " affluent society." An affluent society proved to possess weaknesses as well as advantages, and I fancy I began to hammer on *ad nauseam* at those weaknesses which most irritated me and became bees-in-my-bonnet. Most of them, I now reflect, were trivial, surface weaknesses and follies. No doubt I have been for years tilting at a paper windmill and that activity is not the highest form of Quixotism. Nor has the long campaign borne fruit. The sweeps of the windmill still turn as merrily as ever and perhaps more swiftly. But I enjoyed it and shall not cease to regret that my cardboard lance is laid to rest and that I shall have no chance henceforth to air my bees or hope to stimulate their powers to sting. Still, as of old, Britain will continue to dust and polish her museum pieces, still bureaucracy will write gobbledegook, still the snow-storm of litter will increase, still Tory governments (at any rate) will proliferate hereditary titles; still, more and more, the green belts will shrink and the open spaces be suburbanised, and still sex, pornography and things of ill-repute will be headline news, and decency and truth lie at the bottom of the muddy well. But all things pass. Nations save themselves by their own exertions and repentances, little influenced by propaganda and Acts of Parliament. I have enjoyed an unexpectedly long innings, tilting with a cardboard lance, and am loath to say goodbye to all that. For in truth I am no expert in the right use of leisure.

Under four reigns

The gift of foreseeing the future was very mercifully excluded from Pandora's box. In 1926, when I began to write the *Newsletter*, we were in the midst of a storm of trouble; and a preview of troubles to come would not have increased one's confidence in a new undertaking. No one would have ventured to prophesy that four British sovereigns would reign in the next 38 years. Under Baldwin's premiership, in 1926, the coal strike merged into the General Strike. The consequences were to overshadow political and social life for the next decade, involving constant changes of government and the emergence of Labour in office. Half-hearted measures failed to stem the tide of disaster and when an economic blizzard swept the world, the unemployment figures in Britain reached the 3 million mark and the debt on the insurance fund rose to £115 million. It is small wonder that depression of spirit was felt in all classes right through the 1930's. But much more was to come, anxiety, humiliation and undreamed of suffering lay ahead; coupled with the names of Hitler, Munich and Chamberlain's umbrella. Five years of war followed—no need to recount their ups and downs, or to recall their agonies. War, which settles nothing, continued to unsettle everything for the victors. The basic

problems of the peace are largely still unsolved as the fourth terrible decade draws to a close. Humiliations in plenty lay ahead for Britain. The wind of change began to blow and the Commonwealth as we had known it passed into ancient history. There was the incident of Suez. And then suddenly we learned that we had never had it so good. No doubt the era of inflation benefited perhaps a majority on paper. But the purchasing power of the £ of 1926 should be compared with that of the £ of 1964 to appreciate the consequences of inflation to the minority.

Envoi

If in these last years we never had it so good, we can be forgiven the hope that we may one day have it better. That those four fearful decades were not devoid of achievements and gains must be fairly admitted, but the social history of this country during them will present no constantly uplifting picture to our posterity. A continuous decline in moral standards, a constant increase in crime and juvenile delinquency, a growing preoccupation with pornography, sex and gambling, the slaughter on the roads, all these features, superimposed on the calamities that beset the world, must earn for these four decades of our island story as sorry a label as any other four. The gift of foreseeing the future was mercifully withheld from us. Well, there it is. The clock indicates close of play on one small arena. Players leave the field, spectators the stands. Time, with his scythe, is the final arbiter. I must reckon myself lucky to have carried my bat after a long innings on an often sticky wicket. It provided, with snicks, swipes and misses, a lot of fun. "Goodbye and thank you for listening."

The Old Stager

"The Old Stager" has concealed the identity of John Gore. He has contributed the Newsletter continuously since 1926.

LAND OF SUGAR AND SPICE

By Betty and Allan Cash

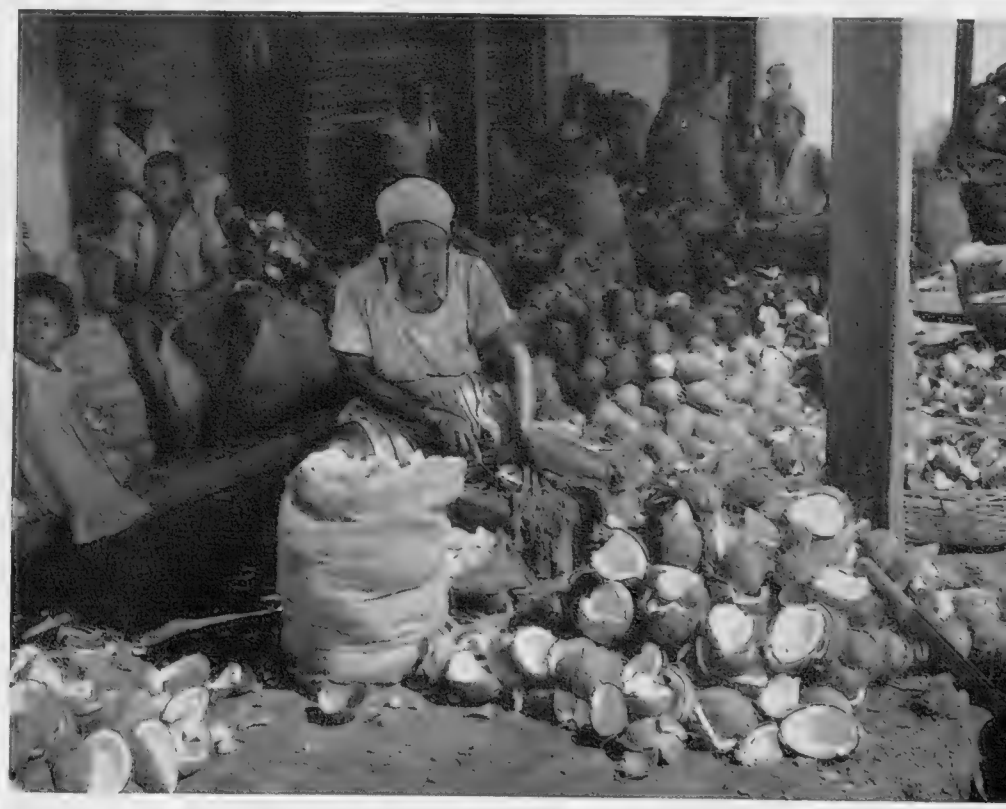
466 Jamaica, which became independent in 1962, is a land of some 4,000 square miles with nearly two million people. Ninety per cent. of the people are coloured, mostly negroes but with some mixture of Chinese, Indian and white blood. By Western living standards Jamaica is a poor country, but this year's budget—the largest in the island's history—which earlier this month passed through the House of Representatives and the Senate, plans for a drive in agriculture and industry, particularly in those areas where the two overlap.

The high unemployment figure brings a degree of urgency to every effort to improve the economy. But Jamaica is rich in natural resources. The soil is good nearly everywhere, and it produces wonderful crops of bananas, sugar, coconuts (for copra), citrus, coffee, cocoa and spices. It is the home of the pimento tree, producing the famous allspice. There are many small farms but also a number of large plantations. One of the world's largest deposits of bauxite is found in the hills. It is mostly exported to Canada and America to be made into aluminium, though two factories have opened in Jamaica which carry out the first stage of reducing the ore to alumina.

The Jamaicans themselves are generally lively, extremely friendly and full of energy. Their temperament, with the beauty of the island and the almost perfect climate, is responsible for the rapidly growing tourist industry. Winter is the tourist season, but more people are finding it ideal in summer too. A new 21 day excursion by BOAC at a cost of £160 4s from London to Jamaica is expected to boost the number of visitors from Britain and the Continent of Europe.

Above: Two members of Kingston's Courtesy Corps who assist tourists
Above right: The street scene in Greenisland, a small town at the western end of the island
Right: A fish wife at Savanna-la-Mar on the south west coast
Centre right: The golden sands of Doctor's Cave Beach at Montego Bay are a favourite resort for tourists

Left: Calypso bands are a common sight throughout the island. This one plays for guests and visitors at the Sheraton Kingston Hotel
Below: A favourite pastime for visitors is a raft trip down the Rio Grande, near Port Antonio
Bottom: Coconuts being broken to make copra, which is one of the leading industries of the island



THE NEED FOR OBJECTIVITY

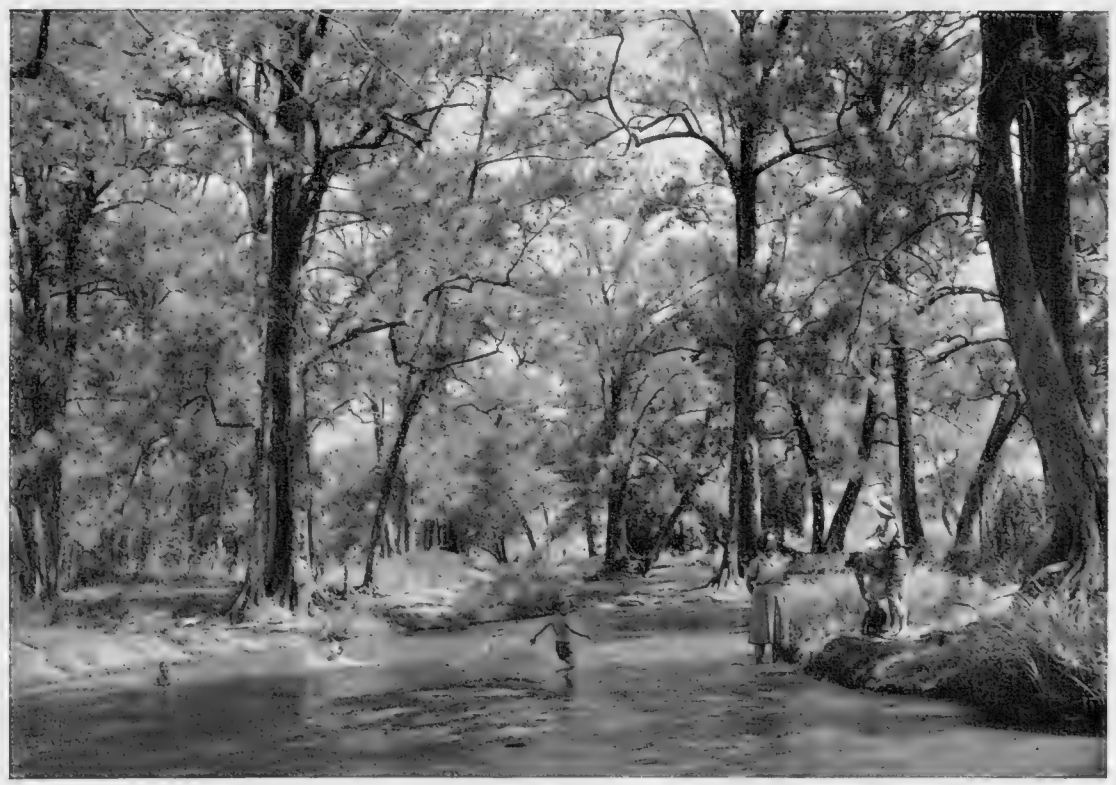
468 " If we have the wisdom to take our opportunities we can make the influence of the Commonwealth felt." This was a theme of the speech made by Sir Alec Douglas-Home last week at the opening of the Commonwealth Press Union's annual conference at Marlborough House in London. Britain's Prime Minister went on: " The greatest danger ahead of the world—now that the confrontation of the Soviet Union and Western world is coming to an end—is that the gulf between the rich and poorer nations may widen, between coloured nations and the rest. The division might take on the complexion and colour of a racial conflict, which many in the world would like to exploit.

" If that is so," Sir Alec declared " then the Commonwealth, which is multiracial and a Commonwealth in which there is mutual economic help through preferences, investments and aid, can help to avert the danger and be an example of harmonious living and should be an inspiration to others." The main purpose of the forthcoming Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, he added, would be to try to discover means of improving Commonwealth co-operation. " The influence of the Commonwealth very much depends on how much we practise what we preach."

Sir Alec then turned to the Commonwealth's very high principles of justice, Parliamentary democracy, freedom of speech and of the Press. Whenever one of these principles was breached in a Commonwealth country, it created an opening for people to ask whether the modern Commonwealth had any meaning. " You who wield so much power in the Press and in all the agencies of communication in the Commonwealth, while you will keep us strictly up to the mark if we fall down or fall short, yet at the same time you will remember that many of the Commonwealth countries are young countries, and in the modern Commonwealth there is an association of nations which is also young. I hope therefore that all these problems should be treated with sympathy and understanding. I think there has never been a time in the modern Commonwealth when emotions run so high, when responsible journalism and the highest standards of reporting and comment are more necessary. It has never been more essential to give each Commonwealth country a really true objective picture of the others."

Below: At Marlborough House Sir Alec Douglas-Home is welcomed by Sir Harry Brittain, founder and Honorary Life Member of the Commonwealth Press Union

Above: Mr Bruce R. McKenzie, the Minister of Agriculture in the Kenyan government, addresses a gathering of Masai near Kajiado. The only European in Mr Kenyatta's administration, Mr McKenzie was elected for one of the special seats in the House of Representatives in last year's elections. He was a member of the previous coalition ministry

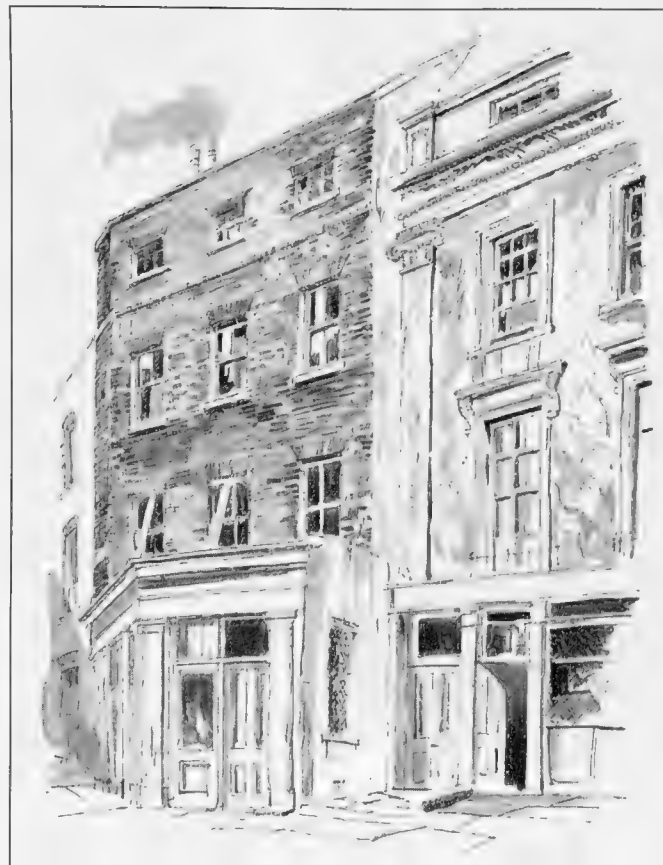


Australia offers a great variety of scenery. Nowhere is this more evident than in New South Wales. The photograph above shows the rural scene in the Megalong Valley, some 12 miles from Blackheath in the Blue Mountains. At top the aerial view is of the centre of Sydney, Australia's largest city. The water nearest the foreground is Sydney Cove. Beyond, towards the background, is Darling Harbour. Palm Beach in the photograph on the left is an example of the many sands on which the inhabitants of Sydney can relax and enjoy the sun.

STATELY BUILDINGS IN STEPNEY

Above: The exterior of Wilton's Music Hall in Grace's Alley near Wellclose Square in Stepney. Inside the coved ceiling and the proscenium arch are still intact

Wellclose Square in Stepney in the East End of London is a reminder that this was once a residential area of solid and sometimes stately homes for merchants from the City of London. Some of the buildings were begun in 1678 as part of the boom which followed the Great Fire in 1666. It was originally called " Marine Square " and Defoe mentions a well in the centre of the square, on a site subsequently occupied by the Danish Church, which was itself demolished in the 1860's. Wealthy Scandinavian timber merchants lived in the houses and the area remained well-to-do until the 1850's. There were two noted theatres in the neighbourhood, Wilton's Music Hall and the Theatre Royal. Wilton's Music Hall is still standing though it is now used as a warehouse. The interior of the Music Hall is one of the finest remaining examples of its kind. The foundation stone was laid in December, 1858. The exterior gives no indication of the rich interior. There have been reports lately of redevelopment plans for Wellclose Square. Its future is not likely to be known until the autumn.



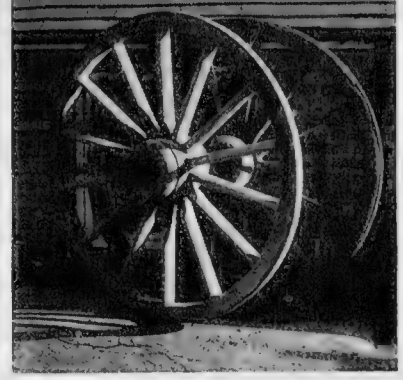
Right: Houses at the corner of North East Passage which leads into Cable Street. The Regency stucco house on the right, although much decayed, is of a quality usually associated with such areas as St. John's Wood and the West End of London. Many of these houses have their original fireplaces and panelling

Above: A corner of Wellclose Square shows some of the fine houses which remain from the 17th century
Left: The old courthouse. For 200 years until 1910 this was the courthouse of the Petty Sessions of Tower Bridge. The courtroom has now disappeared from the ground floor but traces of the old cells remain below. On the upper floor were the old court offices

drawings by GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE SPHERE June 27, 1964



OLD WAGGON-WHEELS

I am the proud possessor of a pair of waggon-wheels. Silly to be proud of that? Well, maybe. But how often do you see the old wooden farm-waggon with its iron-tyred wheels nowadays? I mean: in use? I have been trying to remember when I last saw one actually in use on a farm, drawn by a heavy horse. And I can't remember. That sort of thinking immediately takes me back to my childhood and to the lovely picnics we used to have at hay-making time. Thinking thus, I get the sweet scent of new-mown hay. Thinking thus, I see again the men working with their long pitch-forks—their arms bared to the elbows, as browned and wrinkled as walnuts (but, even on the hottest day, they would wear their waistcoats, to keep the heat out)—and I can remember clearly the costrels (small cider barrels) from which they drank at most of the short breaks throughout the long day.

It is forgotten now what a long day the farm-labourer of old worked at harvest-time, hay harvest or corn harvest. So long a day that he got in seven meals: dew-bit (at about 4 a.m.), sun-bit (breakfast), 'levenses, noon-bit (nammet), nuncheon, dinner (cruncheon), and fourses. A Cotswold doggerel had it thus:

Forebit and breakfast,
Rearbit and dinner,
Nunchins and crunchins,
And a bit after supper.

I do not know that they ate very much at most of these breaks. Cold fat bacon and bread, one thick wedge of each, was, if I remember rightly, the staple diet. But the drink was important, and the drink was rough draught cider. This was carried to work in the costrel, which was slung at the belt. The costrel had a cork and an air-stop which had to be removed before drinking from it. Most of the men drank straight from the costrel (a difficult feat to accomplish without waste), but a few had little horn mugs. These costrels varied in size—some would hold only a pint, most four pints, a few one gallon—but none would hold enough cider to last a thirsty worker through the day; so the farmer would bring a great barrel of cider to the field and this would be placed in the shade of a hedge and the men would be at liberty to help themselves, and to fill their costrels at the end of the day.

Costrels have disappeared, of course. Most people in England today have, I suppose, never seen one. Indeed, it may well be that most people have never even heard of a costrel: which makes me feel very old! I do not know when they went out of use, but I remember that the late John Massingham, well before the war, back in the '30's, was collecting " farm bygones " and how pleased he was when he found one of these costrels on a Gloucestershire farm. He had a large collection of farm bygones, but he did not have a pair of waggon-wheels. Obviously, therefore, the old farm-waggon was still in regular use at the time he was making his collection. Now, except in the most remote and hilly districts, where the fields are small and steep, the tractor and the combine-harvester have displaced the heavy horse on the farm. The tractor does the pulling and the waggon has become a rubber-tyred truck. If the decline of the heavy horse has, temporarily at any rate, been stopped, the old iron-tyred farm-waggon, which was the heavy horse's burden, has disappeared altogether from most parts of the country. If there are any still in use, they are doomed to disappear: for where now will you find the man who can make and fit an iron tyre?

Above: An old-fashioned farm cart loaded with straw. **Top:** The pair of waggon-wheels belonging to the author

So here I am with a pair of 5 ft. waggon-wheels. I do not know how old they are nor who made them. It seems probable that they were made locally, which would mean at Sturt's wheelwright's shop and, judging by their appearance, they may well have been tyred by Will Hammond, which would put their date at around 1884. They are incomplete, of course. Their boxes—the hardened iron centre of a wheel, in which the arm runs—have disappeared. But the tyres, though worn, are complete and the wheels themselves have suffered no warping or distortion (though they have been lying in the open for many, many years) and run as sweetly and truly as the day they were made. Great heavy things as they are, they can be wheeled by one man as easily as one would wheel a rubber-tyred pram.

Now that I have got them, what am I to do with them? They would look decorative just leaning against a wall. But, thus, they would be useless. I am not museum-minded. I believe that a working-tool should end its days working. (If I had a costrel I would certainly drink from it.) But, obviously, these great wheels cannot end their days rolling. What to do with them has led to a good deal of family discussion.

Some while ago we saw one such wheel, supported upon a staddle-stone, the gaps between the spokes filled in, in use as a garden table. A good idea if you have a big family and are addicted to eating out-of-doors. We have not and are not: and anyway we have two wheels. We have seen another such wheel laid upon the ground and planted up as a herb garden, the spokes separating one herb from another, the hub supporting a bird bath. It looked quite effective. But we have two wheels: and a herb garden nicely established. And somehow it seems wrong to separate wheels that have spent their lives together.

So we are going to make them into gates. Frames will have to be built for them, of course, but that will not be difficult and, properly hung, they should not be too heavy to open and shut comparatively easily. But we are not going to use them as drive-gates. In these motor-car days drive-gates are hardly ever used, are left permanently open. Our wheels are going to form gates at the entrance to the slip-way to our dung heap. In that position, much more often shut than open, they will serve to cloak most decoratively what most people consider an ugly, if necessary, feature of the garden. And, in that position, they will, surely, feel at home. During their active life they must have carried many a heavy load of dung. In their retirement they will shield what once they carried. A fitting end, do you not think?

YACHTING

The British Olympic Trials for three of the classes involved, the International 5·5 metre, Dragon and Flying Dutchman classes, which are being held by the RYA assisted by the Poole Bay Sailing Association and in conjunction with the Royal Motor Yacht Club from June 27 to July 5, will be more conclusive than they have been for previous Olympic Regattas. It has been categorically stated by the RYA Olympic Committee that the winners of these races will represent the United Kingdom in Japan. Previous race performance will not be taken into account in the selection, as has been the case in the past. Mr P. V. MacKinnon, who is chairman of the Olympic Committee, firmly defended this policy at the RYA's AGM when questioned about it. He said that he was certain in his own mind that the most successful competitor in a series of races was as competent as anyone to win a gold medal. "There might be others equally competent, but that was something which need not worry the selectors," he concluded. This ruling does make the selectors' task much easier and much more clear cut.

After two days of practice races, there are to be seven races with two spare days on Wednesday, July 1, and Sunday, July 5, simulating the normal Olympic conditions as near as possible. The greatest number of entries is for the Flying Dutchman class, over thirty in all. The leading helmsmen have started very well early in this season and Keith Musto, Stuart Jardine and Johnson Wooderson are likely to run it close for the distinction of being selected. Thirty entries in the Dragon class include the Italian champion Sergio Sorrentino to make the racing even hotter, and this will add to the keenness of the competition. Last year's winner of the European championship and the Edinburgh Cup, Martin Parry of Torquay, has not been able to defend his European title this year, or do much racing, so his form is uncertain. Sir Gordon Smith, Bob Carritt and Bill Citron are among other possible winners.

Unfortunately we have rather thin ranks in the 5·5 metre class, and to make racing more realistic, and less likelihood of match racing tactics, Daring-class boats are included in the races. Only three true 5·5 metres are expected to race, one of these is Robin Aisher's brand new and barely tuned *Yeoman XII*, his only likely rival being Chris Hall sailing *Bjarne*.

In the Finn class the selection trials are to be held later, because the boats do not have to be shipped to Japan. They are, as usual, all provided by the organising nation. Their real struggle will be at Weymouth between August 9 and 15. In this class, which has 35 entries for the trials, competition for the honour is perhaps the keenest of all. The old stalwarts, Vernon Stratton (Naples) and Richard Creagh-Osborne (Melbourne) are still going strong but are seriously challenged by the new generation of helmsmen, Brian Saffery-Cooper (national champion), P. C. Danby, Jack Knights, D. A. Newman, P. Canham, Dr J. Grogono and R. J. Dennis among them.

We managed to win a silver medal and two bronzes at Melbourne, but no medals came to Britain in Naples. This time we can hope for better things, and there is no doubt that we should improve on the Naples results. There is a chance for a gold medal in the Flying Dutchman class, and medals could come our way in the Finns and Dragons in that order. We are not sending a boat to compete in the Star class.

The Olympic Regatta will be sailed in Japan between the dates of October 12-15 and 19-21, our boats are being shipped on August 13 and the team will fly out on September 26. Team captain is Lt. Cdr. Graham Mann, R.N. (who won the bronze medal in *Bluebottle* in 1956), and two reserves will be chosen after the Finn trials.

The two contenders for the right to represent Britain in the America's Cup yacht race on trials in the Solent. In the centre is *Sovereign*. *Kurrewa V* is on the right

IRELAND'S EXHILARATING BEAUTY BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Poking out of the trees at Glendalough, where the glens meet in the Wicklow Mountains, there is a solitary, thin round tower 110 ft. high. You find another by the Cathedral at Kilkenny, several in the vicinity of Dublin, and you become aware how very much they are a part of the Irish scene. At a first distant glance they look like factory chimneys, but there is no factory to go with them, and they are all built in the least likely places for a factory site. Closer investigation reveals that the only entrance stands ten or more feet above the ground.

The towers, in fact, were built ten, eleven, twelve centuries ago in the days when Ireland had already long been one of the most fervent strongholds of Christianity, and a great centre of its teachings. Those were the days when the exquisite pages of the Book of Kells, the even older Book of Durrow (both in Trinity College Library, Dublin) and other illuminated manuscripts were being patiently prepared for posterity by anonymous and painstaking hands in monasteries up and down the country. They were also the days when the Vikings, who were rarely as romantic as subsequent imagination has made them, marauded and murdered along the Irish coast as elsewhere and, incidentally, founded Dublin. At times such as these, the monks retreated up the ladders into their towers and, pulling the ladders up after them, must have been safe enough.

How some of these towers have stood up to the centuries no one quite knows, and it is a miracle that Cromwell, who was so partial to knocking buildings about, resisted these particular temptations. The churches were less fortunate and I sometimes think that Cromwell's horses must have been stabled in as many church aisles as Queen Elizabeth slept in beds a hundred years earlier.

St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin provided Cromwell with one of his stables. I never saw inside this fine restored building, however, for along with all the other Protestant churches of Dublin (which means all the historic ones) it keeps to rigid hours of opening with which I never managed to coincide. Other historic churches are Christ Church, St. Werburgh's, St. Michan's, and St. Audoen's; the vaults of St. Michan house some gruesome curiosities in the form of centuries-old corpses, perfectly preserved.

Apart from the frustration of its closed churches, Dublin pleased me greatly. An Aer Lingus Friendship had brought me there from Cardiff, winging in over the long beaches of the east coast, and from my window at the Shelbourne Hotel I had a marvellous introduction, across the treetops of St. Stephen's Green, to some of Dublin's famous Georgian architecture. I hear quite a lot of the city's Georgiana is to come down and this is very sad news. Just to look at it is relaxing, and to continue the mood of leisure there are pubs such as The Stag's Head and restaurants such as Jammet's where the tradition is pure Victoriana. While on the subject of food and lodging, Jury's has recently opened a magnificent new wing and introduced a nightly traditional Irish cabaret. The food here is excellent. A small new night club has also appeared on the Dublin scene—the Sybaris—which has one of the most polished shows I have seen for a long time. This is for members only, but your hotel may be able to help.

Touring by car in Ireland is a real pleasure and, once out of Dublin, the joys of its traffic-free roads are already well known. There are any number of car hire firms, but now that Aer Lingus have introduced their car ferry service (Bristol or Liverpool to Dublin, and Bristol to Cork), there is no problem in taking your own. Or of course you can take it on any of the sea routes.

One word of warning! Everyone knows that the Irish are great conversationalists and if you have any fixed ideas about keeping to a timetable you will need to be very strong-minded. I merely gave up the attempt. Thus at Wexford I left a full four hours behind schedule having gained, among other things, the fascinating story of the Wexford Festival Opera from its creator Dr Tom Walsh. The sight of an Aldeburgh Festival programme in Charing Cross Road put the idea in his mind 13 years ago. Since then star singers from nearly every major opera house in Europe have participated in the Wexford Festival, which draws visitors from all over Ireland and the UK, as well as from farther afield, to this small town of 10,000 inhabitants. This year's event is from October 25 to November 1 and the programme includes Rossini's *Comte d'Ory* and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Apart from its historic interest, Wexford is an extremely pretty, small town with the narrowest main street imaginable down which the traffic plays musical chairs with parked cars, prams and pedestrians. This scene of constant fascination can be watched from the windows of White's Hotel, as friendly a place as you could wish to stay in, with its splendid barn-style ballroom opening this summer. On the waterfront is the modern Talbot Hotel.

Wexford is a good centre for touring and an excellent one for fishing. It is also the first town you reach after landing, should you travel by the Fishguard-Rosslare sea route. There are some marvellous stretches of beach about six miles to the north at Curracloe, and a new lido is planned on the town's very doorstep. Waterford is under 40 miles away, but by then my plans had changed again and I travelled the 50 miles to Kilkenny instead.

Kilkenny is one of those places whose inland position prevents (or saves) it from the visiting hordes, except during its annual Beer Festival in May. It is a quite lovely small town from its castle (visits by previous arrangement only), its old town hall and court house, to its up-and-down streets, tiny alleyways and several fine churches. The best is St. Canice's Cathedral (another of Cromwell's stables) whose restored interior incorporates a very fine crop of medieval monuments and tombstones. In the priory attached to the nearby Dominican Church, a small museum contains one of the oldest printed books in existence—a liturgical directory for priests, dated 1475.

Glendalough, where the glens meet in the Wicklow Mountains

A zig-zag course, skirting Mount Leinster, takes you from Kilkenny to Arklow. Within easy reach of this popular seaside resort are some excellent sandy beaches including a very large stretch at Brittas Bay, six miles to the north, where the bungalow developments are only just beginning. A dozen miles to the south of Arklow, Ballymoney (private guest houses only, but several hotels at adjacent Courtown) is the access point for a series of lovely sandy bays.

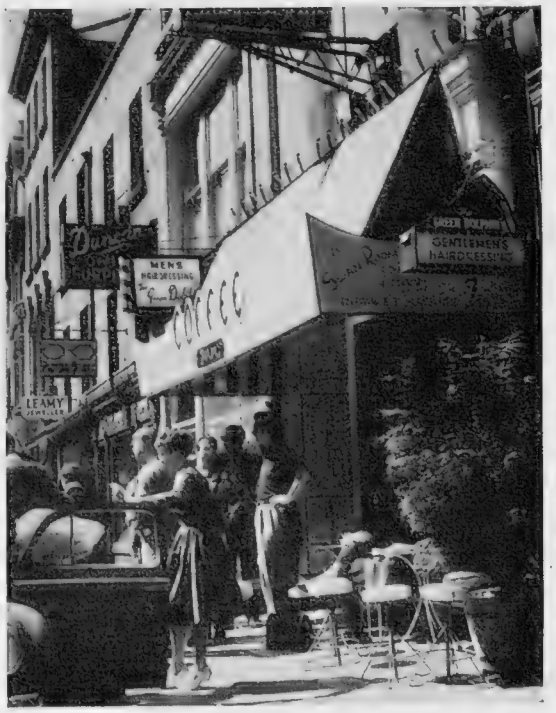
The Wicklow Mountains line the horizon behind Arklow and their rich, green glens and lovely bare heads provide a variety of round-about routes back to Dublin. For a more thorough exploration at a fitting pace, the Bel-Air Hotel at Ashford, two miles from Wicklow, arranges horse-riding and pony-trekking at 24 gns. a week all-in. The very heart of the Wicklows is within

S-ne 110 t. tower was used by monks to escape from invaders

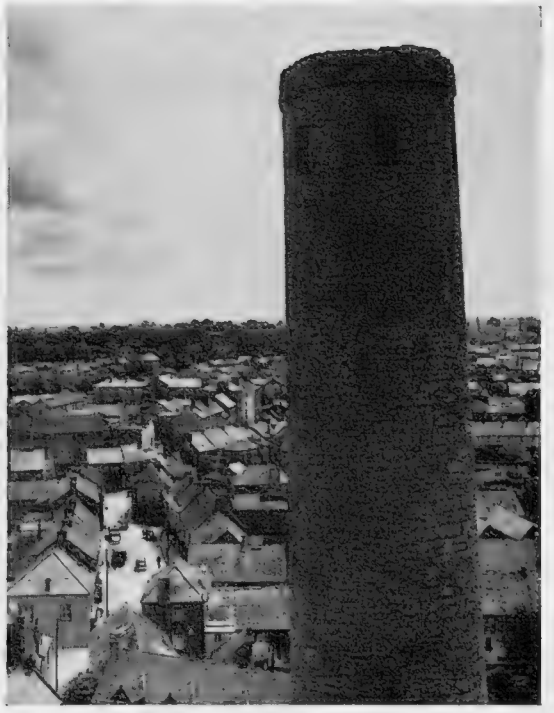
an hour's reach by road of Dublin, so I should prefer to avoid Glendalough and its absorbing monastic city ruins on a sunny summer's week-end. At other times it must be a marvellous rambling centre. The mountains have an exhilarating beauty when the weather is fine. When it is not, their air of nostalgia is tremendous. On that last journey I was rather glad it was the nostalgic mood I saw.

For further information: Irish Tourist Office, 71 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Means of Access: London-Dublin, by Aer Lingus, BEA, etc., from £10-£17 16s tourist-class return, according to validity, date, day and time of travel; £20 11s 1st-class return. Surface travel: London-Dublin, via Holyhead-Dun Laoghaire, from £5 19s-£7 18s 8d 2nd-class return, and £12 18s 4d 1st-class return; via Liverpool, £5 10s-£7 4s 1d 2nd-class return, and £11 18s 8d 1st-class return. Also sea routes Fishguard-Rosslare, Fishguard-Cork, and Glasgow-Dublin.



Outside The Coffee Inn in Anne Street, Dublin



Kilkenny town seen from St. Canice's Cathedral

ACCENT ON TRAVEL

476 British Railways introduced last week a new type of rolling stock on the "Talisman" express which runs between London and Edinburgh. The train (seen in the photograph on the right) is regarded as the prototype "train of the future." It is composed of xp64 passenger coaches which have a striking appearance and give improved standards of comfort. A new type of bogie provides a smoother and quieter ride. Forced-air heating and ventilation and sound-proofing are among the amenities, and seats have been designed to ensure the maximum comfort to passengers.

An especially interesting innovation is the design of the door to the carriage. This enables a passenger to carry a large suitcase in each hand without the necessity of having to enter the coach sideways. Externally the xp64 has a livery of "rail" blue and light grey with dark grey roof and dark brown underframe. The "Talisman" covers the 393 miles between London and Edinburgh in six hours. With the introduction of the new rolling stock, the speed limit on British Railways has been raised to 100 miles per hour. **John Steel**

"TRAIN OF THE FUTURE"

NEW LINK ACROSS THE FORTH

Right: An aerial view of the new Forth Road Bridge spanning the Firth of Forth in Scotland now nearing completion. The Queen is to open the bridge later in the summer

TRAVEL BOOKS

Left: Lostwithiel Church in Cornwall with a Breton type, 14th century spire. This is an illustration from *Cornwall, A Shell Guide*, by John Betjeman (Faber and Faber, 15s). Cornwall was the very first subject of the Shell Guides published in 1935. In the new book, Mr Betjeman collaborates with John Piper who has taken many of the pictures

Far left: Part of the Fosse Way near Malmesbury in Wiltshire. Built in Roman times, much of the Fosse Way, some 208 miles long, south-west to north-east across the Midlands, remains in use; in parts as a fast A road, a fast B road, a minor road or a line of hedge or as in the illustration a green lane little used and overgrown. From *The Shell Book of Roads*; text by Geoffrey Grigson, paintings by David Gentleman (Ebury Press, 10s 6d)

Left: Hrelyo's tower in Rila, Bulgaria. The tower is the only one of the buildings erected in 1335 to remain. The surrounding monastery was destroyed in a great fire in 1833. Today the Bulgarian government is spending large sums of money to restore the monastery to its pristine external glory. The picture is from *Guide to Bulgaria* by Stowers Johnson (Robert Hale, 18s)

TO AND FROM THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY

On my recent visit to Champagne, during which I attended the colourful ceremonies of the 16th Chapter of the "Ordre des Côteaux" held at the cellars of Irroy, I stayed at the principal hotel in Reims, the Lion d'Or. It now belongs to the Taittinger family, who also own several hotels in Paris and in other parts of France, and I could not help being impressed by the tremendous improvements that have been made there during the last few years under the energetic direction of M Yves Deillon. Many of the bedrooms have been completely modernised, and new, elegant decor characterises the public rooms, including the restaurant. The service at the hotel is excellent, and so is the cuisine with many interesting specialities; M Deillon's kitchen was also responsible for the 400-head banquet held at the Irroy cellars for the Chapter celebration.

M Deillon and his chef-de-cuisine will be visiting England next year when his restaurant and Taittinger Champagne will be the focal points of one of the Gastronomic Weekends which have become such an institution at The Imperial, Torquay. The Champagne Weekend, January 22 to 25, will be the second in the 1964-65 series at The Imperial. It will be preceded by the opening, Parisian Weekend, November 27 to 30, when the famous gastronomic rendezvous of Paris, the Restaurant Lucas-Carton (Place Madeleine), will be featured, and the French wines will be selected by Guy Prince, Chairman of J. L. P. Lebègue and Co. Two further Gastronomic Weekends at the Imperial, the themes of which are to be announced in the near future, are to be held in February and March of next year. **G.D.**

THE SUCCESS SPIRAL

478 **Millions Made My Story** by Mary Grieve: Gollancz. 25s, is the autobiography of a woman journalist; not just any woman journalist but the exceptional person who edited the magazine *Woman* from 1940 to 1962, saw it spiralling to success and a vast circulation and then retired, having contributed an incalculable amount to its continued triumph. Her story, from its start in the '20's when females in this profession were, at best, tolerated, is an engrossing one of trial and error, enterprise and success. She writes with a warm humanity, a good deal of humour and a restraint which is on occasion, much more telling than a passionate tirade. Her anecdotes are many and lively, never malicious but often giving the reader a glimpse—and generally an unconventional one—of a public figure or a great name. Mary Grieve's book can certainly be read for enjoyment only but it is also the record of that not-so-common phenomenon: the satisfying, distinguished career of a round peg in a round hole.

Oliver St. John Gogarty by Ulick O'Connor: Jonathan Cape. 36s, a biography of a man who was poet, politician, playwright, senator and, above all, wit is a lively memorial to a Dublin figure whose range of interests was particularly wide and whose love of life continued undimmed. An Italian literary scholar remarked after he had met Gogarty in the '30's that he felt he had been in the presence of a man out of the Renaissance, l'uomo universale, the "all-sided man," and indeed many of his acquaintances had the same feeling. His close friends included George Moore, the poet A.E., W. B. Yeats and James Joyce who immortalised him as Buck Mulligan. His youth was fairly wild; his middle years no less adventurous though running in different channels. It was an extraordinary life in the exact meaning of the word—far removed from the ordinary and Mr O'Connor has been able to convey a great deal of its high-powered nature.

At Life's Beginning by Samuel Marshak: Gollancz. 25s, translated from the Russian by Katherine Hunter Blair. In her foreword Baroness Budberg writes of the five aspects of the old man of letters who has been a writer of children's books, a playwright, a lyrical poet, a satirist and, very successfully, a translator. In the present book he has written enchantingly about his childhood in an account which stops in 1905, when he was 18, and which gives one a clear, humorous and loving picture of long-ago Russia as well as the family and friends who made up his small world in those early days.

A Letter to Myself by Francoise Mallet-Joris: W. H. Allen. 25s, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian. This is in one sense autobiographical, in another a long essay in literary purposes and, in yet a third, a review of working methods. Mlle Mallet-Joris is engaged here on a search for the truth as it applies to her own life and, since the focus of that life is on her career of writing, as it is also relevant to the business of literary creation. Frank, often profound and with a good deal of that fine perception of other people's problems which distinguishes her own novels.

The Deep Freeze Girls by Eva Defago: Michael Joseph. 21s, tells of plots and passions in a fashionable finishing school near the shores of Lake Geneva, where some kind of social education is ostensibly the object but where the young ladies take things into their own hands with alarming results. It seems that the author has experience of an establishment of this kind (though it is to be hoped that it wasn't as fraught with excitement as its fictional counterpart) and that the details she gives are by no means wholly imaginary. If that is so her book is not only informative; it is positively hair-raising.

Hannah Massey by Catherine Cookson: Macdonald. 16s, tells the story of a formidable north country mother who rules her predominantly male household with extreme firmness, devotes her life and all her energies to their advancement and makes a pretty spectacular job of it until her younger daughter comes home from London (to which she has apparently gone to escape her overwhelming parent) and the whole domestic picture has to be re-drawn. Mrs Cookson writes warmly about her characters and knowledgeably about their background. Her novel is not only readable but very human indeed.

Quick, Before It Melts by Philip Benjamin: Gollancz. 21s, is, quite simply, the funniest book I have read for weeks, possibly even for months. It is concerned improbably enough with the exploits of a young man who is sent by his weekly magazine—*Sage, The Magazine that Thinks For You*—to the Antarctic. There, after a brief and enlightening spell in New Zealand on the way, he joins a large band of scientists, meteorologists, sailors and a few other reporters. He is befriended by a press photographer of considerable wit and some worldly wisdom, succeeds almost by accident in getting a scoop and returns to New York to promotion as second-string theatre critic. In the meantime he has described living conditions in an American camp in and under the ice, touched lightly on the habits of penguins and drawn half a dozen portraits scathing enough to make Francis Bacon envious. A thoroughly amusing novel and I do recommend it to you.

Don't Go Away Mad by Joseph Hayes: W. H. Allen. 18s, has the ever zanier setting of the contemporary Broadway theatre as seen through the eyes of a Wisconsin innocent; a young woman whose play is accepted for staging and who leaves her husband to his own donnish devices long enough to re-write the opus two or three times, attend endless rehearsals and out-of-town try-outs and somehow, though precariously, keep her sanity. Very light and amusing stuff though enough to scare one off back-stage life in New York for ever and a day.

All the Gods and Goddesses by Kay Martin: Collins. 21s, takes the reader to Los Angeles and to the world of hospitals, nurses and, above all, surgeons in a story which is not without sentimentality but which is almost bound to

MAN'S CREATIVE MIND

The Act of Creation by Arthur Koestler: Hutchinson. 42s.
Diplomat Among Warriors by Robert Murphy: Collins. 45s.
Journey to the Jade Sea by John Hillaby: Constable. 30s.
Tuscan Retreat by Vernon Bartlett: Chatto and Windus. 25s.
The Reform of Parliament by Bernard Crick: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.
Life in Victorian England by W. J. Reader: Batsford. 21s.

Through many labyrinthine ways Arthur Koestler asks us to follow him in examining man's creative mind. The views of professional psychologists regarding the act of creation are he says in a state of bewildered confusion. Here is an attempt, a very scholarly one, to make a fresh examination of the subject. Mr Koestler asserts in the most controversial part of this book that creativity as exemplified in science, art and literature may appear to be a wholly human gift, but in point of fact these "actualisations of surplus potential" are found at each successive level of the evolutionary hierarchy from the simplest one called organism and the fertilised egg to the adult man and the highest human genius. The teacher, the social and educational reformer will be fascinated by the build-up of Mr Koestler's argument, which surely points to ways of developing man's latent powers. The need for a greater awareness of self comes out time and time again in these closely argued pages. Perhaps there are to be found rooted in the great eastern philosophies, and in the Christian religion itself, some of the answers for which Mr Koestler searches so diligently. Perhaps also they have already been expounded more effectively, because more simply; but all honour to Mr Koestler for joining battle on these frontiers of the mind undaunted by some of the giants of the past who have dwelt upon these things.

The generals of World War II, pen in hand, have already demonstrated what a temperamental lot of fellows they were and are amid all their brilliance. Now Robert Murphy comes along to give a statesman's view, and in *Diplomat Among Warriors* we get a fascinating glimpse of those days when he was Roosevelt's emissary in Europe, with a roving commission that brought him into touch with de Gaulle and Giraud, Darlan and the rest. In these pages de Gaulle already emerges as the consummate politician from whom nobody got any change, although Roosevelt thought he could handle him and Churchill was determined to do so.

Lake Rudolf may be the least known and the least attractive of the large lakes of East Africa, but it has had a powerful attraction for John Hillaby, zoologist, conservationist and ardent walker who describes his *Journey to the Jade Sea* with much gusto and a minimum of exaggeration. Altogether explorer Hillaby covered 1,100 miles on foot on his journey, accompanied by camels and native guides, to and from this large brackish lake on the borders of Kenya and Ethiopia. Neither business worries nor a broken heart drove him into the desert, he says, but boredom certainly had a lot to do with it. Well, there is no boredom in this safari.

Vernon Bartlett, Member of Parliament, broadcaster and journalist, decided, when he qualified for the old age pension, to take himself off to Italy and do something quite different to anything he had done before, and if possible in marked contrast to his busy and eventful career.

appeal to those thousands who enjoy medical dramas whether on paper or on the TV screen. Miss Martin has shown a great hospital in all its complexity of organisation and to my mind this was not the least interesting part of her story. For the rest, it is the story of a once-great surgeon who refuses to face the fact that his judgment is leaving him and of his colleagues' reactions, whether loyal or not, to the possibility of his powers failing. **Vernon Fane**

The Lord of Burleigh by Elisabeth Inglis-Jones: Faber. 21s. In about 150 lines of (more or less) immortal verse, in 1842, Tennyson told the "Cophetua" story of "The Lord of Burleigh" and his rustic Countess. He simplified it for the sake of romance, and was not in possession of the harvest from the exhaustive and painful researches of some local historians, released about 1914. Tennyson did not tell us some less romantic details of "John Jones's" marriage to Sally Hoggins of Bolas Magna in Shropshire in 1793. He did not tell us that "Mr Jones," who succeeded his uncle as 10th Earl of Exeter and became 1st Marquis, committed bigamy when he married his Sally and did so only at gunpoint when discovered tumbling in the hay with her by her father. Now, Elisabeth Inglis-Jones, drawing largely on those local historians and still drawing largely on village tradition, has in 150 sprightly and colourful pages dug out the full story of this romance of the peerage. It remains to say that that part of the story which a British Court would accept as reliable evidence could have been set down in much less than 150 pages. The title justifies introducing the history of his first wife's divorce, though the Sneyds and Edgeworths impinged little on Sally. We know on reliable evidence a great deal more about the parallel romance of Mary Cole and the 5th Earl of Berkeley of the same period. Nevertheless, *The Lord of Burleigh* will provide a rich feast to romantically inclined readers, who are not lawyers trained in the Rules of Evidence. Sally Hoggins who died so young, deserves all our sympathy. **John Gore**

By ill chance Mrs Bartlett was injured in a motor accident at Lucca so, searching no further for a retreat, the Bartletts by good chance took a small farm not far from the ancient and lovely town. There on their *podere*, with their cheerful but dominating servants, they have been enjoying themselves hugely and probably working harder than ever before in their lives, though in a delightfully relaxed way. *Tuscan Retreat* is a book of enchantment, witty and entertaining, full of anecdotes of the people and the countryside, and full of praise for the industry of the Italian people.

Parliament is all too often swamped by business. Bernard Crick, Lecturer in Government at the London School of Economics, asserts that this should not be so, and need not be so, and that its chief role should be scrutiny of administration. His positive proposals in *The Reform of Parliament* are boldly put.

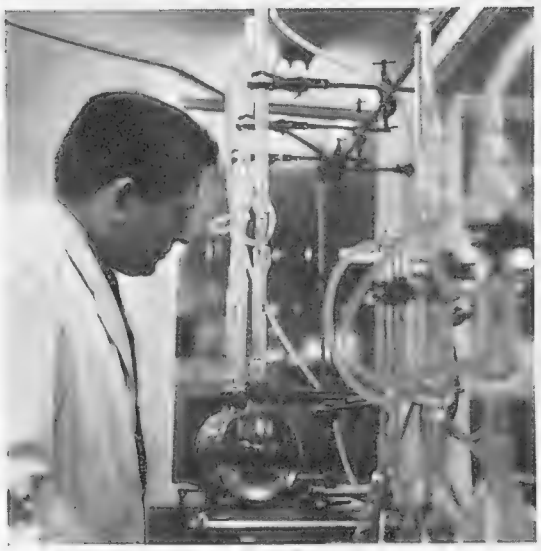
W. J. Reader's *Life in Victorian England* is part of the *English Life* series edited by Peter Quennell. The illustrations are a particular joy, helping to re-create the picture of a period becoming increasingly remote in our minds and for that reason the more attractive. **Richard Edmonds**

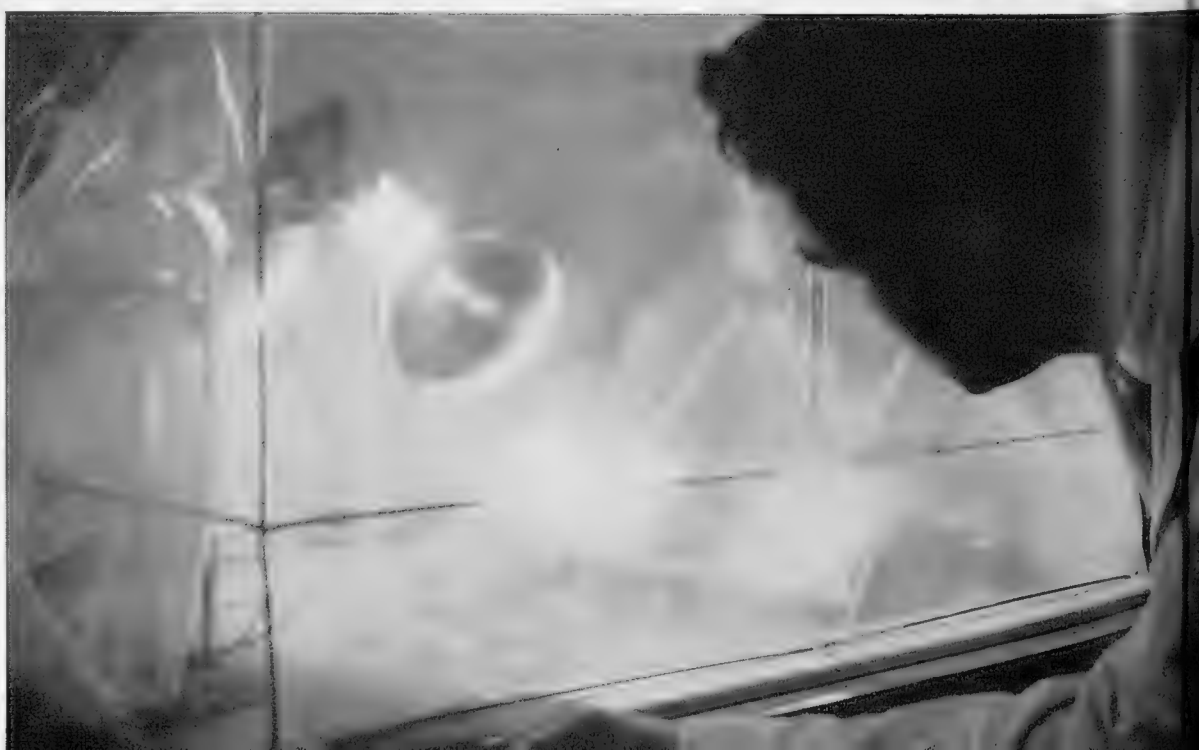
Above: Two of the young Enga warriors in New Guinea outside the spirit house of the Upin god. This is an illustration from *Savage New Guinea* by Jens Bjerre (Michael Joseph, 30s). Bjerre, the Danish author of *The Last Cannibals* and *Kalahari*, has recently completed a five-month expedition into the wild areas of the New Guinea Highlands. He managed to establish friendly contact with some of the primitive tribes, and the book is concerned with his personal experiences and the life of the people. There are many unique colour pictures. The expedition was under the armed protection of native police, and they saw several dramatic incidents involving clashes between opposing tribes. Some of the rituals and ceremonies they witnessed have never been seen before by a white man, much less photographed and described

Left: The Choco Indian from Darien in Panama. The soot-black colour on their bodies and the lower halves of their faces is put on as a protection against the heat of the sun. Among the silver ornaments worn by the Choco Indians are the wide shining bracelets and the heavy jingling ear-pendants. From *The Forests of Panama* by May and Henry Larsen (George G. Harrap, 25s). The Larsens have produced a well-illustrated travel book which is full of charm

LUBRICANTS FOR THE FUTURE

480 New technical advances bring lubricant problems to the oil industry. Research is the key, and in the last few years new types of lubricants have been evolved which have made possible the establishment of, for example, nuclear power stations and jet engines. The Castrol Group have recently expanded their research facilities and have now moved their main laboratories to a new and larger establishment at Bracknell, Berkshire. In the new laboratories, built at a cost of over half a million pounds, chemists are already at work on lubricants for the 1970's.





Above: Analysing used engine oil by steam distillation
Above right: Organic research; the creation of a dispersant additive, the function of which is to prevent solid matter entering the oil and to keep it in suspension in the oil
Top: Fundamental studies on bearing corrosion. This experiment is carried out with an imposed current between metallic surfaces and has special relevance to corrosion problems in turbines
Right: An artificial sunlight cabinet evaluates protective materials for outside insulators used in the electrical generation industry. The experiment is to check that the material will not slide off a glazed tile surface in hot sunlight
Far right: Work on new additives in the Organic Research Laboratory shows a stage in the preparation of a chemical intermediate. From the window can be seen the garden setting of the new research laboratories. The building will be formally opened by Lord Kindersley, chairman of Rolls-Royce, on July 17

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

BEHIND THE MOTOR BOOM

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

One of the basic facts about the present boom in Britain is that it remains, to a considerable extent, based upon the motor industry. This has been true of several of the recurrent periods of expansion in the British economy since the war, though not all; and it may seem remarkable that this one industry can continue to provide the main driving force for so much of British industry for so long. There are already signs that certain of the home equipment industries, where the rapid expansion began later, are already levelling off or may have passed their peak. Unless the attractions of BBC-2 promote a wave of premature replacement of sets it seems likely that television, for example, may be contracting in production in a few years; and some of the other durables, too, have failed to gain much steam from the present economic expansion. Yet cars are able to accelerate once again.

This sustained growth arises mainly from the large reservoir of untapped demand still existing in the economy: even now, far fewer people in Britain have cars than own other durable equipment. There are probably about $7\frac{3}{4}$-8 million cars registered in the country at present; probably maybe half the number of households in the country, but in terms of cars per head of population still behind the leading European countries and, of course, far behind North America. It is still arguable whether Britain will ever attain quite the car " density " rates in terms of population that these other countries do; even Sweden is better off in terms of actual space per head of population than we are, and that congestion factor could affect eventual comparisons. But there is no doubt that the proportion here can grow a good deal farther before any kind of limitations through crowding dull the desire for motoring. The marginal motorist—i.e. the man who can't quite afford one yet—is moreover the least blasé about driving, and every new driver is more optimistic about room on the roads, for him anyway, than the seasoned driver becomes.

At any rate, the renewed upsurge in motor demand during last year and this spring, even if it moderates from now on, could well carry production up to two million cars this year. And because motor production is an assembly industry, making enormous demands upon a wide range of suppliers throughout engineering, glass and even textiles, that high production will exert great influence in British industry as a whole. It is certain to be the biggest single influence, indeed, in generating the demand for increased capital expenditure on plant and machinery, which some people in Whitehall are hoping will succeed motors as the core of economic growth next year. But few kinds of plant and machinery make nearly as much indirect demand upon the products of other industries as the motor assemblers do; so if there were such a shift, high demand in British industry might not be nearly so general.

One prominent firm of stockbrokers, discussing prospects for the motor industry, said recently that the future would be very rosy presuming that future governments " show some appreciation of the great contributions which the automobile can make to the wealth and happiness of its constituents." In the past 15 years, some governments of both political colours haven't. This industry has been exhorted, denigrated, stimulated, checked. It was a long time before Whitehall could modify its belief that if one turned down home demand it would automatically squeeze out motor vehicles into export markets. And it has never, certainly, accepted the industry's own strong conviction that a healthy and booming home market is the best possible foundation for high exports. But it is fair to say that the *modus vivendi* between government and this industry has greatly improved in recent years—not least because the national expenditure on roads has slowly been built up and has now reached more respectable proportions.

But not even the industry itself, a few years ago, perhaps quite realised the extent to which the whole economy was becoming wrapped around motors. Some of those who did recognise the potentials early on were themselves extremely concerned about the future prospects; because in the mid-'50's, say, it was extremely hard to be too optimistic about where this industry might carry the national fortunes with it. The sharp expansion immediately after the war had rested mainly on the fact that other European countries' motor industries had not been rebuilt. Once they were, the cars that Britain was turning out, in design and to some extent in workmanship, looked much less acceptable.

It is only fair to the motor makers of Birmingham, Oxford and Dagenham to say that during that period of criticism, and of foreign makers' resurgence, the range of British cars that is succeeding today was beginning to be planned. Today, the British range as a whole looks more competitive; in certain fields, such as the low-priced sports car, it is unequalled internationally; and a number of its newly unconventional designs, such as the Morris 1100, might well become the world's leading cars of their size for the '60's. Certainly the reputation for stodginess in design has been banished during the past three to four years. The reputation for high standards of workmanship is harder to rebuild; a reputation for efficient spares and service, perhaps the most difficult of all to establish, is now slowly but surely accumulating.

The underlying competitiveness of the British industry, that is to say, is improving substantially; some of its European competitors are moreover running into a rather duller period of design, at a time when inflation is pushing up their costs considerably compared with ours. So far, so good. But a car is to some extent a fashion article; and the fortunes of any one model can be quite unpredictable, even though a manufacturer is committed to it. It needs a spectacular failure like the American Ford company's Edsel for a new model to be largely written off; in general, even if a new model doesn't make much impression on the market the maker has to soldier on, because of the huge investment in tooling.

So even with a stronger competitive base, the British motor industry retains considerable elements of risk—for the national economy as well as the private investor. Rapid growth in the home market is dependable; comparable growth in sales abroad, impossible to command and always chancy to forecast. Certainly there will be no shortage of demand abroad. All West European countries, now, are moving into the income levels that make for a virtual explosion of motor ownership; and not all of them produce cars or have the industrial structure suited to do so. The Detroit product is cheap enough to penetrate European markets towards the top end, but on balance unlikely to compete very strongly; the little Japanese cars one is beginning to see here and there in Europe may still find far richer pickings in markets nearer home. So the competitive arena in Europe has rich prizes, even if it is divided by the tariff fences of EFTA and the Common Market; not only for major manufacturing firms, but for the economies behind them.

THE SPHERE June 27, 1964

BRITISH INDUSTRY

THE DOWTY GROUP

482 The foundations of the Dowty Group were laid in 1931 when Sir George Dowty, then Mr G. H. Dowty, a draughtsman employed by the Gloster Aircraft Company, decided to start his own business with a handful of people in Cheltenham. The organisation which has its headquarters at Arle Court, Cheltenham, now embraces 25 companies employing over 13,000 people with factories and offices in Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Canada, USA, Malta and Germany.

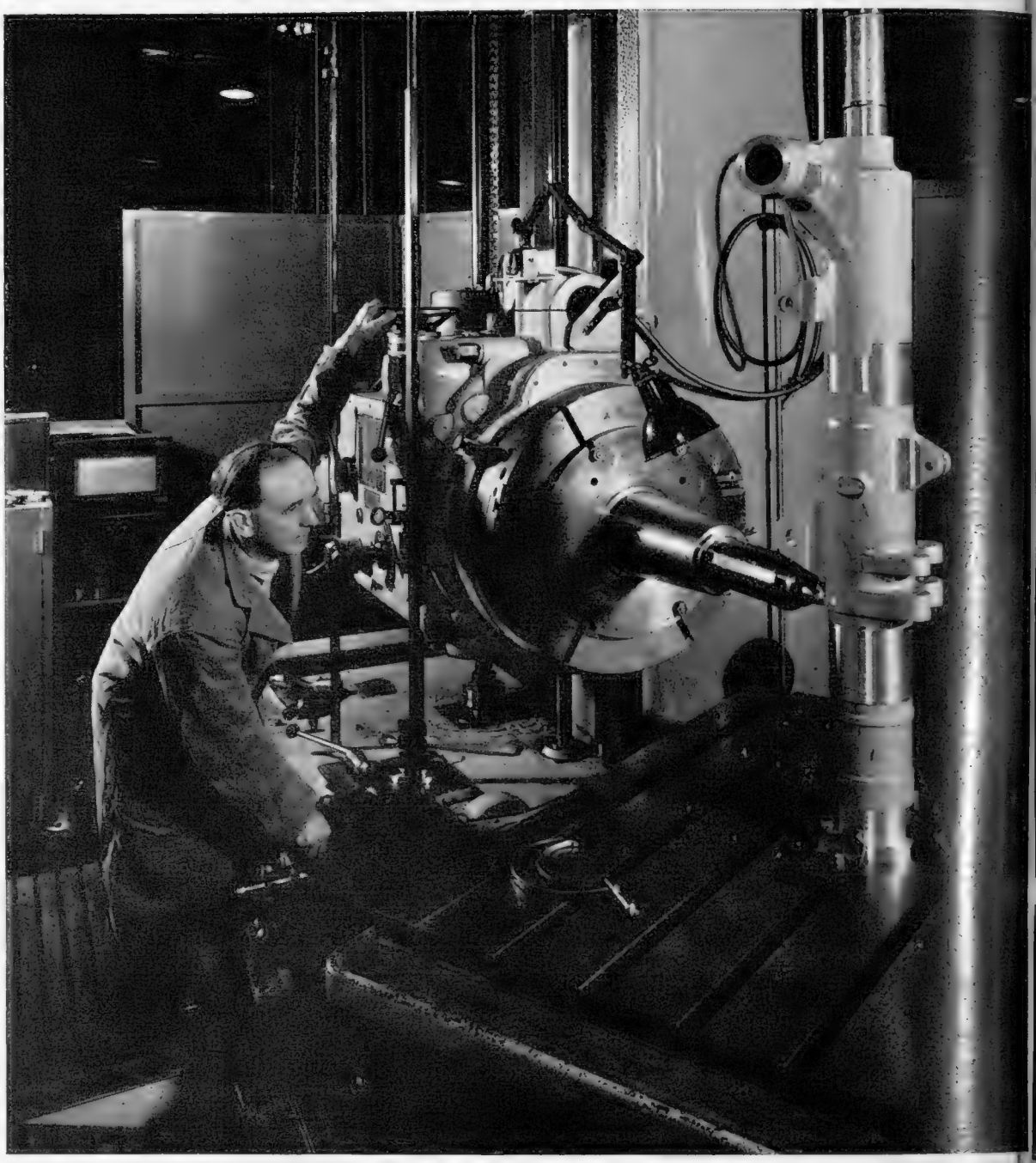
The main activity of the original Company was the production of hydraulic equipment for the aircraft industry. Today this still ranks high in the Group's output but close behind are industrial hydraulics, mining equipment, rubber and plastic seals, fuel systems and electrical components.

Member companies include Dowty Rotol Ltd., who, with Boulton Paul Aircraft Ltd., of Wolverhampton, are the largest manufacturers of aircraft equipment in Europe; Dowty Seals Ltd., who produce over 4 million sealing products a week; Dowty Mining Equipment Ltd., pioneers of hydraulic roof control for the mining industry, and Dowty Hydraulic Units Ltd., manufacturers of industrial hydraulics.

Great importance is attached by the Group to research and development. Each Company has its own extensive research and development facilities and is also able to call on the specialised services of Dowty Technical Developments Ltd. for work of an advanced nature.

Notable achievements include the development of the Taurodyne—a revolutionary gearless transmission for industry and agriculture which is to be exhibited at next month's Royal Show; complex control equipment for Britain's new automatic coalfaces developed jointly with the National Coal Board, and a jet unit for propelling military amphibians.

£300,000 is spent annually on the Group's training scheme for young men which is one of the most highly developed in the country. At the present time, 50 of the Group's apprentices are working full time at Universities and Colleges of Advanced Technology establishing a reservoir of promising young men to meet the growing needs of the Group and the social obligations of industry to provide increased opportunities.



Above right: Machining part of an undercarriage leg in one of the Dowty Rotol Machine Shops. The finished product will be fitted to a Hawker Siddeley 748 transport

Right: An operator sets the blade angle on a propeller for the YS-11, Japan's first turboprop transport. A high percentage of the Dowty Group's output is exported

Top right: Adjusting a copy milling machine at a Dowty Rotol Factory at Staverton. This is a stage in the making of propeller blades for the Hawker Siddeley 748 transport

Far right: Mr W. R. Clutterbuck, a Dowty engineer of 25 years' standing, instructs apprentices on a slotting machine in the training block at Staverton

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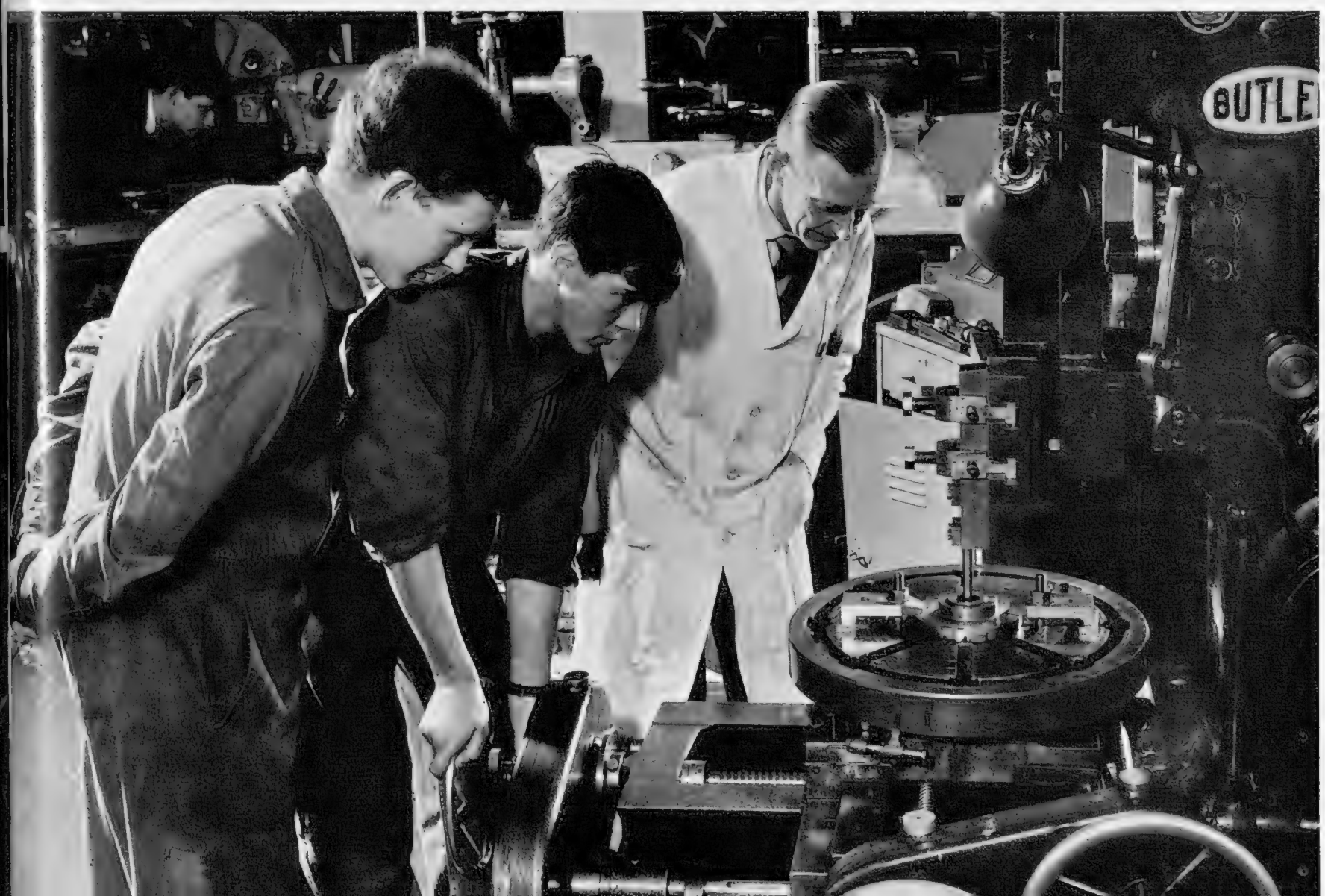
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BARGAINS IN STORES

by The Sphere City Correspondent

484 Sometimes, in the clamour of publicity attending the newer forms of retailing, an impression gets around that the old-fashioned department store, of the Selfridges-Harrods variety, has had its day. How can such monoliths survive in face of the price-cutters, the supermarketeers, the John Blooms selling direct to your front door, the mail order men selling direct through your letter box?

Well, the answer seems to be that they can—and do—and to a remarkably successful extent, judging from some of the cheerful reports that have lately been coming from their chairmen. And in many ways, it is beginning to look as though the flexibility, strength and growth potential of the big stores is a good deal greater than the stock market, still obsessed with the possible effects of abolishing resale price maintenance, has given them credit for.

It is perhaps significant that Mr Jack Cohen, the head of Tesco, which has led the field in food supermarkets and one-stop discount shopping, now admits that the logic of his development is leading him straight towards the concept of the department store. He would start building them tomorrow, in his own modernised, modified, price-conscious pattern. But so far he has been held back by the lack of suitable sites, centrally placed which have to be very large.

Similar considerations apply in the case of another very bustling proponent of the new-shopkeeping: Williams Supermarkets, who aim to sell furniture the same way that Mr Cohen sells tins of soup. To this end they have recently linked up with Elmo, an offshoot of the rich and successful South African stores chain, OK Bazaars, with the idea of covering Britain with a network of low-cost, highly efficient, one-stop shops where you can buy anything from a dozen eggs to a bedroom suite. Exactly, in fact, where Gordon Selfridge came in some 40 years ago.

For the existing stores groups, who have the necessary sites firmly in their own pocket, this sort of thinking seems to bode nothing but good. The strong and efficient, with immense tactical and financial advantages on their side, should be able to more than hold their own with the newcomers. And the weaker and less successful should be in a position to negotiate extremely favourable take-over deals with the Tescos and Williamses of this world. In a couple of years, in fact, I should expect another round of bids and deals of the kind which made the stores section such an exciting part of the market back in 1950-1958 when Sir Hugh Fraser, Debenhams, United Draperies and Sir Isaac Wolfson were all actively assembling their present empires.

Meanwhile, it seems to me, there are palpable bargains to be picked up among store shares.

Apart from Army and Navy, whose chairman's ebullient report finally brought home to investors the potential lying in the group, especially in the very large interests outside London, none of the leading concerns are anywhere near their 1964 peak. Yet the results for 1963—not a particularly good year—proved almost uniformly excellent. And 1964 looks a good deal better.

House of Fraser, after three years in the doldrums while the complex business of digesting Harrods, Barkers, Derry and Toms and the rest went quietly forward, has now burst through that particular barrier, pushed the dividend up 2½ points, and generally indicated that it is once more on the move. Yet the only Stock Exchange reaction was for the shares to drop 1s (at which point they yield a very worthwhile 5·4 per cent.).

Debenhams, the acknowledged leader in the field, is continually engaged on expansion, rebuilding and improved use of existing sites, with such well-known names as Marshall and Snelgrove, Bobby's in Plymouth, Sopers in Harrow and so forth. And lately they have embarked on the promotion of a variety of goods under their own brand name—a practice pioneered with spectacular success by Marks and Spencer, British Home Stores, and more recently by the John Lewis Partnership—which could well remove many of the worst threats from the price-cutters and the RPM abolitionists. Yet the shares drift soggily around the year's low point.

Oxford Street, once again highly profitable to Selfridges (part of the Lewis's Investment Trust group) and to Bourne and Hollingsworth, as shown in the latest results, will get an additional shot in the arm from the opening of the Victoria tube line in 1966. Bourne's, especially, having completed their major internal reconstruction programme, should do very handsomely.

Among the lesser-known names, George Sturla, up in Liverpool, should be doing well out of the Merseyside recovery, and could well be a merger prospect in the not too distant future; while Macowards, based on Cardiff, has been actively in the take-over business itself, building up a large chain, including Thomas Wallis in Oxford Street and Cawdells in Watford.

Shares in Store	Price	Yield %	Times Covered
Army and Navy	30s 3d	4·3	1·3
Bourne and Hollingsworth	7s 7½d	5·7	*
Debenhams	40s	4·9	1·4
H. of Fraser	30s 6d	5·4	1·2
George Sturla	5s 6d	4·1	2·0
Lewis's Trust	14s 1½d	4·1	2·0
Macowards	32s 1½d	6·4	*

* Report awaited.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Jim Delafield, president of General Foods International, may be no great shakes as a cricketer, but at a Press conference in Birmingham the other day he hit one question for a six that may even land near Big Ben. He was congratulating Mr C. D. Lovell—" C.D." to his associates—on becoming chairman of Alfred Bird and Sons, Birmingham (a founder member, in 1947, of General Foods), which he joined 15 years ago as works manager. With the handclasps still warm from the Chrysler-Rootes deal (about which, incidentally, a welcome has come from the Midlands, where Rootes has most of its interests) Mr Delafield was asked a loaded question about his corporation's policy regarding management of its overseas subsidiaries.

" This is more than a tribute to an Englishman," Mr Delafield said. " This is an expression of profound belief in a great British company." And he added slyly: " We in the United States have always thought Great Britain pretty good at managing her own affairs." The appointment, in fact, brings British representation in local management to 100 per cent. and " epitomises the long-term objective of General Foods to have nationals running the business in the countries in which we operate."

Mr Delafield was also over here to see how the tremendous £6 million project of moving the five Birmingham factories—and their workers—to Banbury was going. I have written before of the efforts Bird's have made to bring a humane and civilised approach to this remarkable operation; the latest figure is that nearly 60 per cent. of the 1,500 employees have opted to move to Banbury, and the company is already ferrying the breadwinners of 70 families from Banbury to Birmingham and back again in special buses—thus neatly reversing, as " C.D." pointed out, the trend they had expected to see. On the reverse side of the coin, a special " Getting to know you " exhibition for Banbury people was attended by 3,000 people.

Coventry's treasurer to retire

More than the Midlands will miss the bespectacled figure of Dr A. H. Marshall when he retires in August as City Treasurer of Coventry, a post he has held for 20 years, having served for nine before that as deputy. In that time he has consolidated a reputation as one of the country's leading experts on the thorny and emotive problems of local government finance. His wide grasp of fundamental principles and ready acceptance of the need for constant rethinking have been based on personal acquaintance with the size of the task. Between 1935 and 1964 Coventry's population rose from 185,000 to 314,000, and the Corporation's turnover from just under £3 million to well over £55½ million. Motor vehicles increased more than four-fold, from 18,000 to 74,000. Yet Coventry's rateable value per head of population is below the national average—because of the lack of imposing commercial buildings and larger residential properties, and the city actually receives a rate deficiency grant. The redeveloping city centre is going some way towards making good the first point—but I fear that national financial trends have effectively stifled any chance of adjusting the balance of the second significantly.

Institute's new president

Well known in Midland motor industry circles, Mr John P. Wilson, a cost accountant in private practice in Coventry, has become president of the Institute of Cost and Works Accountants. After spells with Midland Motor Cylinder, Austin and Daimler, interspersed with periods in private practice, Mr Wilson became assistant chief cost accountant for Stewarts and Lloyds, and later financial director of Tube Investments' aluminium division. He lives at Kenilworth and looks like having a busy year; he represents the Institute on the governing body of the Lanchester College of Technology at Coventry and his home town on Warwickshire County Council.

Rebuilding the Hedjaz Line

Romance comes sparingly to prosaic engineering works, but imagination stirred in the Leicester factory of Frederick Parker recently at the news from Saudi Arabia. Two of the firm's mobile crushing and screening plants are to be used in the rebuilding of the old Hedjaz desert railway, wrecked by the legendary Lawrence in the First World War when it carried Turkish troops, and now being rebuilt for its original purpose of carrying Moslem pilgrims for Mecca.

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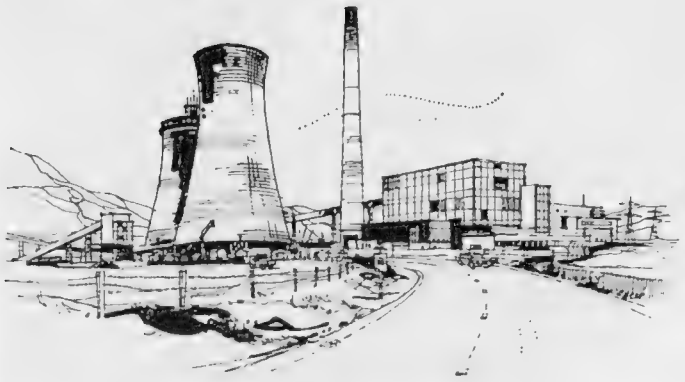
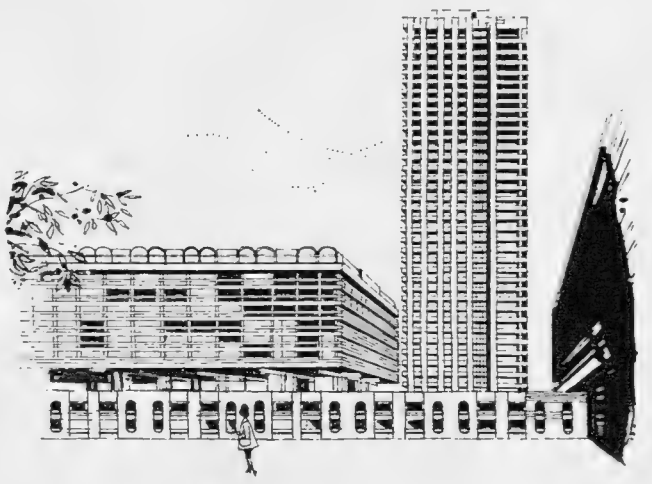


• engineer it

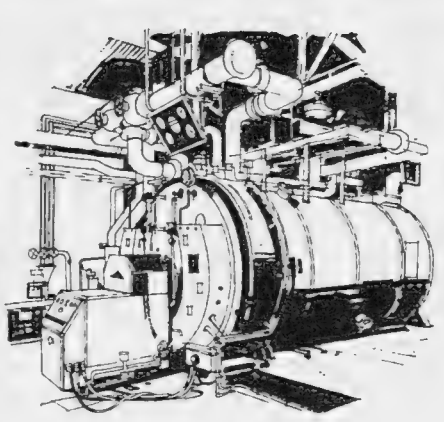
• accommodate it



• build it

• electrify it

• store it

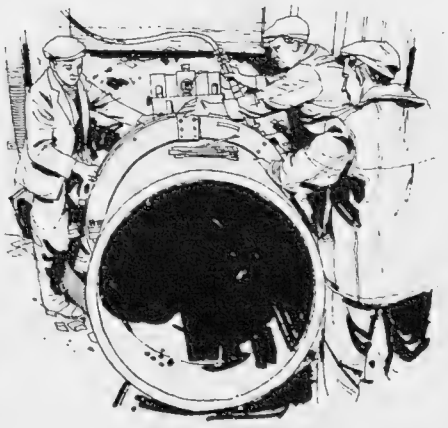


• heat & ventilate it

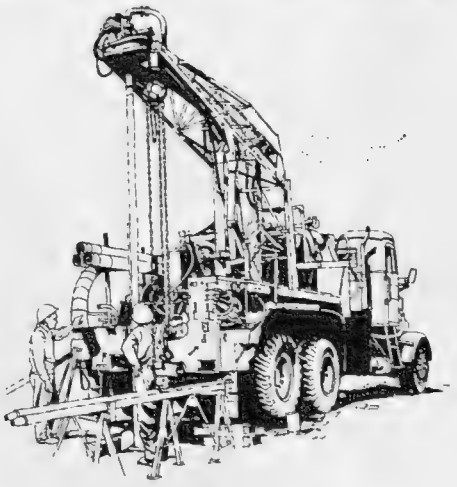
• pipe it

• mix & supply it

• erect it



• maintain it



• drill it

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

There are occasions when witnessing the signs of progress might cause more sadness than joy. This happened to me recently during a visit to Oporto and the Douro valley on the occasion of the Fourth International gathering organised each year by Percy Fox and Co. Ltd., for its friends and clients, among them a sprinkling of specialised scribes such as myself. Each of these meetings takes in a visit to one of the firm's principals, and this year it was the turn of Warre and Co. to organise three glorious days for us in the vineyards on the Douro and the lodges of Vila Nova de Gaia on either side of Oporto.

The days were happy and gay as only time spent in sunny Portugal can be, and therefore my sadness was, I must explain, only a short-lived one. We had travelled up from Oporto following the Douro valley in a new railcar, and the first day in the Alto Douro we had a magnificent picnic lunch, overlooking the dramatic river valley. Afterwards we visited the Quinta do Bom Retiro, one of those estates from which the house of Warre and Co. has been obtaining some of its best wine through many generations. Here we were shown the lagares into which the grapes are piled when brought in during the harvest. They are large shallow concrete basins, and we were told that this is where the men and boys with bare legs and feet tread the grapes, marching forward and backward to the strains of local music. We could picture the excitement of that scene, the slightly primitive, almost oriental music, and the dim light with the grapes mashed into a deep red mush, and the elemental power of this activity culminating in the moment when the contents of the lagar respond by bubbling and frothing as it begins its fermentation.

Such scenes, which must have remained unchanged through a series of centuries, are a reminder of how ancient the cultivation of the vine is in the history of man. They are a perpetuation of the oldest traditions, the primitive rites of making the new wine. I was somewhat saddened to learn the following morning that a lot of this is to disappear in the very near future. We were touring the Quinta do Bomfim, the firm's own estate at Pinhao (which is also the home of some of the Symington family whose members are the partners) and looking at the beautifully kept vines of the hill-terraces, and the huge vats, when we were eventually shown an uncompleted construction. This construction is a new set of "cubas de fermentaçao" fitted with the latest scientifically designed "autovinificadores," and it is expected to be finished and in operation by the time of the next vintage. Concrete built, these fermenting vats will be capable of considerable production capacity, and will eventually replace the old, traditional methods which rely entirely on humans for power.

Fermentation in these enclosed vats is controlled, and the tremendous and surprising degree of movement of the must is achieved by automatic, mechanical means. At regular intervals upheavals are caused by the gases expanding inside the vats. The process is not only more efficient and quicker, but dispenses with human labour, which we were told is difficult to find even in Portugal. I greatly admired this system when it was explained to me in detail, but I could not help regretting the passing of the almost bacchanalian scene of the men of the hills marching in the must to the sound of music with their women urging them on and perhaps warming them with admiration. The romantic-looking boats which used to carry the pipes of wine down the Douro over the most hazardous watercourse imaginable, taking three days for the journey and three weeks getting the empty boats back up river, poling, pulling and towing, have already been replaced almost entirely by rail and motor transport. They were beautiful craft, sailed with skill and daring. Now the machine age is going to rob us of another huge slice of the old magic, when men will no more sing and tread the grapes. I know that the world is everywhere crying out for bigger and better production, and only machines can help men to achieve this. This is the sad thing about progress.

That night under a striped marquee in the garden of Quinta do Bomfim we enjoyed a magnificent dinner accompanied by the fine wines provided by the principals of Percy Fox. Out in the garden the music struck up, and I was told by one of my hosts that the players were the harvest regulars, who play every year the accompaniment to which the men toil away treading the must in the lagares. I suppose that a few years from now they too may be out of a job.

This is perhaps just misplaced sentimentality; we were assured that the quality will not suffer, and the wine will go on being the best that the combination of the meagre soil of the Douro hillsides, the heat of summer over the valley and the skill of centuries of port-making by the same families in the same firms can produce. It is only right, in fact, that the old skills should have the help of scientific invention, which will enable them to work with greater efficiency.

For there are still quite a lot of the old traditions left to see and admire. The dinner given in our honour under the gleaming crystal chandeliers of the glorious 18th-century "Factory House," the elegant home of the British Association of Oporto, our visits to the patrician homes of members of the Symington family, were obvious, outward signs of these traditions, handed down through generations of British Port shippers. More practical signs were seen in the lodge of Warre and Co. In the tasting room we saw the many ingredient wines which go into making perfect, consistent blends and shipping records going back 200 years, to the time when the shippers dealt with other merchandise as well.

While all other wines are enjoying a boom in Britain, port has suffered a slight decline in recent years. In spite of this, the amount shipped to the world has gone up, and, strange to relate, France has outstripped Britain during the last year for the first time. I feel sure after what I have seen in Oporto that its popularity here will grow again, and taste will swing back once more to this unique wine.

Above: The upper Douro valley with its clean-cut terraces of vines where some of the world's finest port is produced
Left: Mr Maurice Symington, senior partner of Warre and Co., port shippers of Oporto, receives his Silver Fox from Mr H. D. Stephens-Clarkson, chairman of Percy Fox and Co. A Fox is given by the principals of Percy Fox each year to the member who acts as host at the wine gathering
Right: Workers in the vineyards of Quinta do Bomfim
Left: Herr Henkes, head of J. H. Henkes' Distillery, N.V. liqueur producers of Delfshaven, and a joint host at the gathering
Bottom left: Water reservoirs at the Quinta do Bom Retiro, a privately owned vineyard which supplies Warre with wines for blending
Bottom right: Guests lunching in the Wine Lodge of the Quinta do Bomfim at Pinhao in the Upper Douro valley

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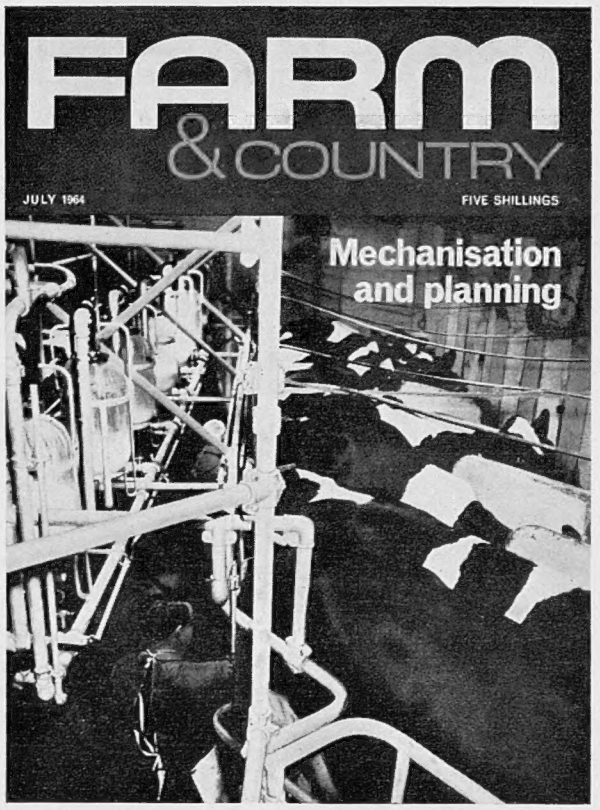

THE NEW

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Farm mechanisation is the main theme of the July issue, now on sale. Its comprehensive survey of the latest machinery includes a review of demonstrations on grassland machinery, sugar beet machinery and fertiliser machinery. Other features are a preview of machinery exhibits at The Royal Show, and an exclusive series of pictures of the latest Russian farm machinery.

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TRAFFIC STEERING GROUP

488 There has naturally been a lot of cynical comment on Mr Ernest Marples' latest traffic move in setting up a Study Group to advise him on car design trends with special reference to the possible need for a city car. It has been alleged, for one thing, that the idea is just a bit of window-dressing—electioneering, if you like—and that with the General Election pending it is possible that Mr Marples may not be Transport Minister after the election.

Motorists have also been pointing to the Steering Group, which, under Sir Harold Roxbee Cox, will guide the activities of the Working Group (under Mr John Garlick), and have been asking how men like Mr George Harriman (BMC chairman) and Sir Pat Hennessy (Ford chairman) can possibly be free from commercial and design prejudice when they do their steering. After all (I have heard motorists saying) there is only a relatively small profit on baby cars.

I put these points to the Minister during an interview at his home near Victoria Station. " I have every confidence in the ability of this new Study Group to take a completely unbiased look at this social problem," said Mr Marples. " It is a big problem, but these are big men."

Mr Marples went on to say that even if it *was* decided to encourage the use of small cars, many more would be built than big models, so the profit question might be expected to look after itself. " This is a forward-looking move," he said, " and I would like to stress the fact that my object in making it is not to impose more restrictions on motorists but to enable as many people as possible to enjoy the benefits of car ownership. In doing this we must protect city and town dwellers from the more unpleasant features of the car, including its noise and smell."

The Minister assured me the new Study Group—fashioned on the lines of the successful Buchanan Committee—will operate with a sense of real urgency and that its report will be ready inside 18 months. Meanwhile they may have had small-car prototypes built, tested and demonstrated. I personally think the BMC Mini represents the smallest practical size of car; that it must be a four-seater; that the idea of city runabouts small enough to go into the boot of a bigger car is an empty dream; and that it would be impracticable to have, for commuters, special city cars which at night would have to be left in garages on the outskirts of a city.

Pay-as-you-drive

If the Government does not want arbitrarily to limit city motoring to cars of a certain space-saving size it could effectively encourage their voluntary use by a system of differential taxation heavily weighted in favour of the small car; and by a system of road pricing (recently put under the microscope by the Smeed Committee) under which cost would be related to size.

I think this pay-as-you-drive idea of charging motorists, by means of meters installed in their cars, for the use they make of congested streets, is worthy of very careful thought. In spite of the somewhat irresponsible opposition of diehards like the RAC I think road pricing might prove acceptable to the vast majority of car owners if they were given guarantees that other forms of motoring taxation would be reduced proportionately.

It might be difficult to prevent " cheating " with 100 per cent. certainty. Enforcement would be difficult, though perhaps no greater than in the case of the motorist's obligation to display a car licence and have an insurance certificate. Of all the various pricing systems examined by the Smeed Committee, the simplest appears to be that which involves the use of an inexpensive meter actuated by a small battery-like device which motorists would buy at post offices or garages for fitting into the meter. They could keep a spare in the car for immediate use when the old one ran out and the meter would have a light to show police officers or traffic wardens that the driver was not cheating.

One attractive feature of this form of meter is that it might have a switch to adjust the mechanism to different charges for different zones. There could be a position on this switch for a parking charge when the car is left at appointed places. Use of these built-in parking meters would obviate the need for the expensive and unsightly kerbside " bandits " which are sprouting all over the place.

Industrial show-place

I have just flown down to Brittany to visit the impressive new factory, at Rennes, where Citroen build their perky little Ami Six model: a somewhat coquettish and more sophisticated variant of the same firm's Deux Chevaux (that ugly but extremely tough and reliable workhorse with interconnected suspension which sometimes makes it lurch like a mechanical kangaroo).

I make this comment affectionately for I think the Deux Chevaux is a wonderful little car; and because the Ami Six shares its mechanical virtues I think it would sell in much greater numbers in the UK (in spite of its unorthodox styling) if the price were not so seriously inflated by duty and purchase tax. The UK total for this 602 c.c., twin-cylinder saloon is £701 (more than you have to pay for a Mini-Cooper " S ").

They are turning out 500 of these cars every day at Rennes, in a modern factory with a high degree of automation and which is kept so clean and tidy that it can be regarded as an industrial show-place. The architecture is superb; you feel you are entering a university rather than a factory. This plant is a good example of France's industrial policy of decentralisation. Practically all the unskilled labour in the plant has been recruited from the farms of Brittany, to which most of the workers return every night, by coach or in their own cars (which many of them are buying from their employers on easy terms).

In these days of continuing European invasion by the American motor industry—of which the Rootes-Chrysler deal is the latest disturbing example—it is good to see a famous firm like Citroen holding its own and preserving its national independence (with the help, in this case, of Michelin finance). The company has long had close associations with Britain, and its assembly plant at Slough, Bucks., is a familiar feature of the automotive scene.

Cars awaiting the final inspection for flaws in the paintwork at the Citroen factory in Rennes-la-Janais

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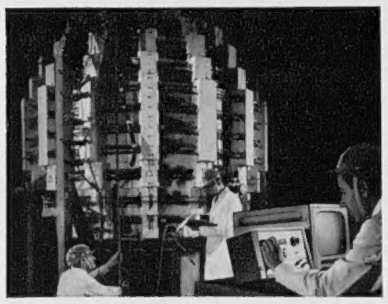

ABOVE *A scale model of the pre-stressed concrete pressure vessel for Wylfa Nuclear Power Station undergoing internal pressure tests in the Company's laboratories at Southall.*

ABOVE *A view of part of the IBM Computer installation at Taylor Woodrow headquarters.*

RIGHT *Silent pile driving equipment, invented and developed by Taylor Woodrow, now available to the industry on sub-contract service throughout the United Kingdom.*

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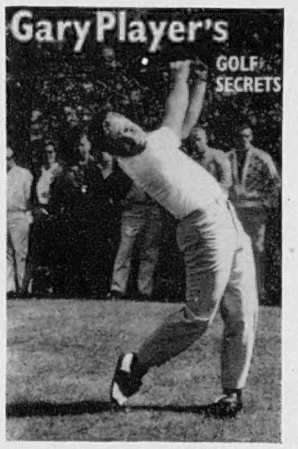

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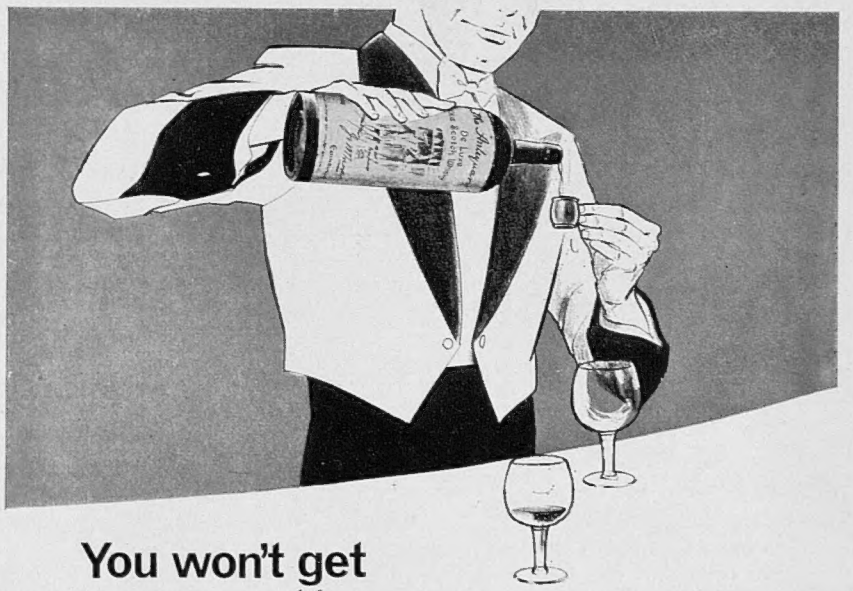

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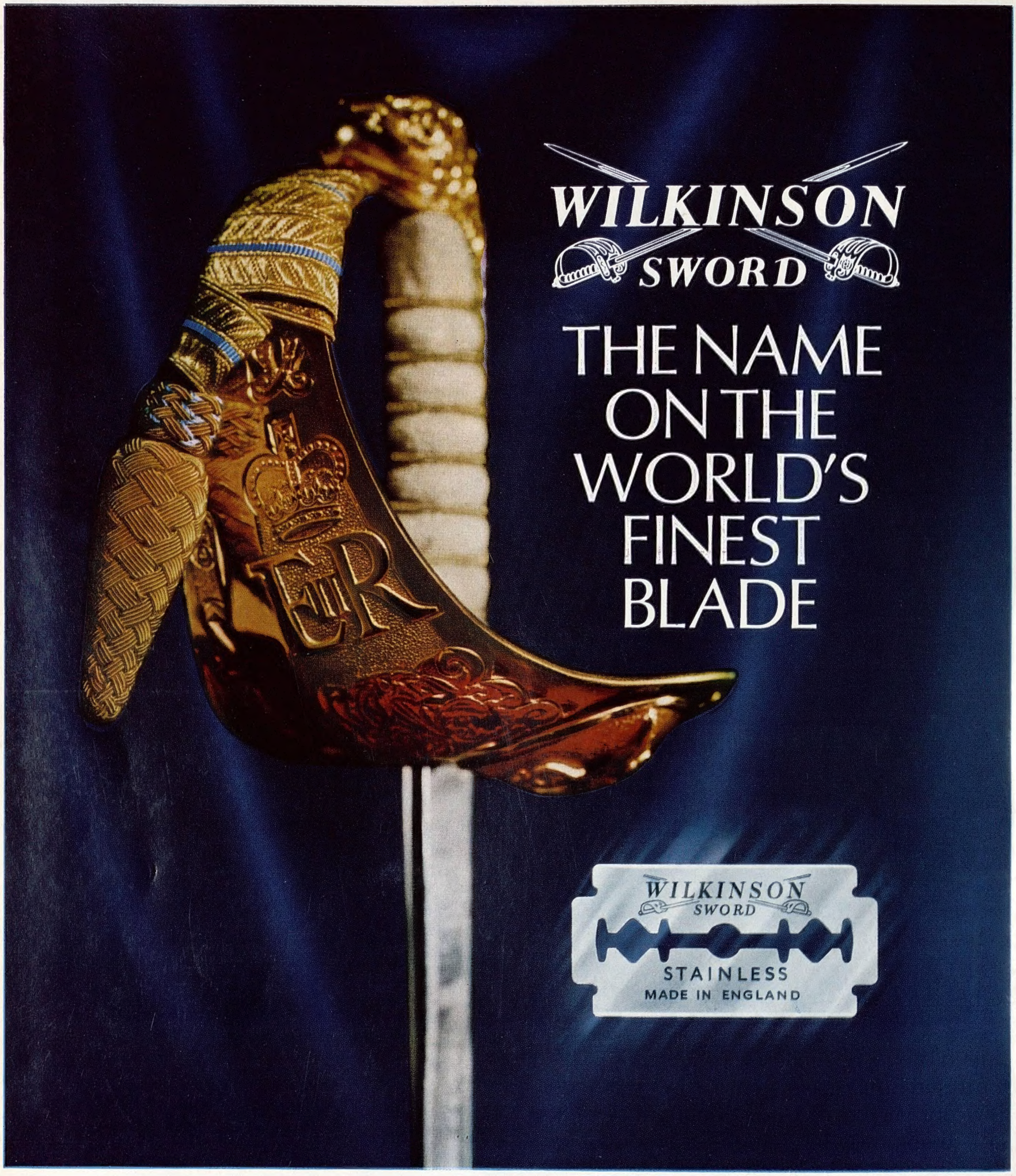

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